
IRVING·KANE·POND
HIS BOOK

Arch bishop York
Mortimer
~~Percy~~ Worcester
Northumberland
Hotspur
Douglas

See 71

Irving K. Pond
for A.B.P.

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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BY THE

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IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

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KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

JOHNSON rightly observes that the First and Second Parts of *King Henry the Fourth* are substantially one drama, the whole being arranged as two only because too long to be one. For this cause it seems best to regard them as one in the introductory matter, and so dispose of them both together. The writing of them must be placed at least as early as 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old. The First Part was registered at the Stationers' for publication in February, 1598, and was published in the course of that year. It was reprinted in 1599, and again in 1604; also a fourth time in 1608, and a fifth in 1613. In the first issue the authorship was not stated; but each later issue has the name of "W. Shakespeare" printed in the title-page as the author. The Second Part was first published in 1600, and there is not known to have been any other edition of it till it reappeared along with the First Part in the folio of 1623.

It is beyond question that the original name of Sir John Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; and a curious relic of that name survives in Act i. scene 2, where the Prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the *castle*." And we have several other strong proofs of the fact; as in the Epilogue to the Second Part: "For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Also, in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, printed in 1618: "Did you never see the play where the *fat Knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this honour was?" which clearly alludes to Falstaff's soliloquy about honour in Part First, Act. v. scene 1. Yet it is certain that the change from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* was made before the play was entered at the Stationers' in 1598, as that entry mentions "the conceited mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Nor is there any doubt that the Second Part was written before that change was made;

for in the quarto edition of this Part, Act i. scene 2, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old;* the change in that instance being probably left unmarked in the printer's copy. All which shows that both Parts were written long enough before February, 1598, for the Poet to see cause for changing the name.

"Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," was much distinguished as a Wickliffite martyr, and his name was held in high reverence by the Protestants in Shakespeare's time. And the purpose of the change in question probably was to rescue his memory from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the forecited passage from the Epilogue, and is further approved by what Fuller says in his *Church History:* "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place."

Another motive for the change may have been the better to distinguish Shakespeare's play from *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth;* a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill. There is no telling with any certainty when or by whom *The Famous Victories* was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was acted by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, thus alludes to it: "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dauphin to swear fealty." It was also entered at the Stationers' in 1594; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same, was performed in 1595; and not less than three editions of it were printed. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole time occupied by Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. The Poet can hardly be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than taking the above-men-

tioned names. The play is indeed a most wretched and worthless performance; being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity; at once vapid and vile; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic; the verse being such only to the eye; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull, low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humour; the Prince, an irredeemable compound of ruffian, blackguard, and hypocrite.

In the folio, the text of the First Part does not differ greatly from that of the quartos; and the quarto text is regarded by many as the better of the two. In the Second Part the folio text is much the better, some of the finest passages having first appeared in that edition. And there are many smaller differences; these, too, of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been revised by the author.

In these two plays, as in others of the same class, the Poet's authority was Holinshed, whose *Chronicles*, first published in 1577, were then the favourite book in English history. And the plays, notwithstanding their wealth of ideal matter, are rightly called historical, because the history everywhere *guides*, and in a good measure *forms*, the plot; whereas *Macbeth*, for instance, though having much of historical matter, is rightly called a tragedy, as the history merely *subserves* the plot.

King Henry IV., surnamed Bolingbroke from the place of his birth, came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard II., whose death he was thought to have procured shortly after. The chief agents in this usurpation were the Percys, known as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur. The lineal heir, next after Richard, was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom the King held in a sort of honourable custody.

Early in his reign, one of the King's partisans in Wales went to wronging Owen Glendower, a chief of that country, who had been trained up in the English Court. Glendower petitioned for redress, and was insultingly denied; whereupon he took the work of redress into his own hands. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young Earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife,

was sent against him; but his forces were utterly broken, and himself held in confinement by Glendower, where the King suffered him to lie unransomed; alleging that he had treacherously allowed himself to be taken. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the young Earl, who was then detained at Windsor, to have been Glendower's prisoner. After the captivity of Mortimer, the King led three armies in succession against Glendower, and was as often baffled by the Welshman. At length the elements made war on the King; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests; which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the Devil," and "call spirits from the vasty deep." The King finally gave up and withdrew; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms, but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the King led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish King to appear before him, and do homage for his crown; but, finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he gave over the undertaking and retired. Some while after, Earl Douglas, at the head of ten thousand men, burst into England and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. On their return, they were met by the Percys at Homildon, where, after a fierce and bloody battle, the Scots were utterly routed; Douglas himself being captured, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them the Earl of Fife, a prince of the blood royal. The most distinguished of the English leaders in this affair was Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur; a man of the most daring and impetuous spirit, who first armed at the age of twelve years, after which time, it is said, *his spur was never cold.*

Of the other events, suffice it to say, that they are much the same in history as in the drama. The battle of Homildon was fought September 14, 1402; which marks the beginning of the play. The battle of Shrewsbury, which closes the First Part, took place July 21, 1403; Prince Henry being then only sixteen years old. The King died March 19, 1413; so that the two plays cover a period of about ten years and a half.

KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } his Sons.
JOHN of Lancaster, } his Sons.
NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, his Son.
Sir EDMUND MORTIMER.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
Sir MICHAEL, his Friend.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINTZ. GADSHILL.
PETO. BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.
Mrs. QUICKLY, Hostess in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenced in strands afar remote.[1]
No more the thirsty entrance[2] of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armèd hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors[3] of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquantance, kindred, and allies:

1 It scarce need be said that here the image is of Peace so scared and out of breath with domestic strife, that she can but make a brief pause, and pant forth short and broken speech of new wars to be undertaken in foreign lands. This play is distinctly continuous with *King Richard II.*, at the close of which we have Bolingbroke avowing it as his purpose to atone for the death of Richard by leading out another Crusade:

> I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
> To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

And in fact he was hardly more than seated on the throne before he began to be so harassed with acts of rebellion and threats of invasion, that he conceived the plan of drowning the public sense of his usurpation in an enthusiasm of foreign war and conquest.

2 Of course *entrance* here means *mouth;* for what but a mouth should have *lips?* So in *Genesis*, iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

3 *Meteor* was used in a much more general sense than we attach to the word. See vol. x. page 64, note 19. It might include the *Aurora Borealis*, which sometimes has the appearance of hostile armies engaged in battle. So in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533–8:

> As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
> From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ —
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross
We are impressèd and engaged to fight —
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy; [4]
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessèd feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.[5] — Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,[6]
What yesternight our Council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.[7]
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge [8] set down

[4] Levying an army *to* a place is an elliptical form of expression. So in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587: "Scipio, before he *levied* his forces *to* the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city in a cake, to be devoured." — Here, as often, *shall* has the force of *will;* the two being used indifferently.

[5] "We meet not on that question, or to consider that matter." Such is often tbe meaning of *therefore* in old English.

[6] Ralph Neville, the present Earl of Westmoreland, married for his first wife Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford, and therefore half-sister to King Henry the Fourth. *Cousin*, in old English, bears much the same sense as *kinsman* in our time.

[7] The Poet uses *expedience* and *expedition* interchangeably: likewise, *expedient* and *expeditious*. By *dear*, the King probably means that he has his heart set upon it.

[8] "Limits of the charge" probably means *appointments* for the *undertaking*. The Poet repeatedly uses to *limit* for to *appoint;* as also to *appoint* for to *equip* or *furnish;* that is, to arrange the outfit of an army. — *Question*, in the line before, is *talk* or *discussion*. Often so. The matter was *warmly debated*.

But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken;
A thousand of his people butcherèd,[9]
Upon whose dead corpse'[10] there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,[11]
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them,[12] in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,

[9] That is, "A thousand of his people *being* butchered."

[10] *Corpse'* for *corpses*. So we have *horse'* for *horses*, *house'* for *houses*, *sense'* for *senses*, &c.

[11] *Rood* is an old word for *cross*. So we have the expression, "The Duke that died on rood." Holy-Rood day was the 14th of September. Hotspur is said to have been so called, because, from the age of twelve years, when he first began to bear arms, his "spur was never cold," he being continually at war with the Scots.

[12] *News*, and also *tidings*, was used indifferently as singular or plural: hence *was* and *them* in this instance.

Uncertain of the issue any way.
King. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil[13]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood,[14] did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;[15] and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, —
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion[16] and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

13 A most vivid expression of Sir Walter's speed and diligence.

14 *Balk'd* in their own blood is *heaped*, or *laid in heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks.

15 This reads as if the Earl of Fife were the son of Douglas, whereas in fact he was son to the Duke of Albany, who was then regent or governor of Scotland, the King, his brother, being incapable of the office. The matter is thus given by Holinshed, pointing and all: "Of prisoners among other were these, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, which in the fight lost one of his eies." The Poet's mistake was evidently caused by the omission of the comma after *governour*.

16 *Minion* is *darling*, *favourite*, or *pet*; a frequent usage.

See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet![17]
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.[18]

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspécts;[19]
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest[20] of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;

17 Among the naughty pranks which the ancient "night-tripping fairies" were supposed to enact, was that of stealing choice babies out of their cradles, and leaving inferior specimens in their stead. Shakespeare has several allusions to the roguish practice, as many other old writers also have. See vol. iii. page 23, note 5.

18 Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him to himself to release or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

19 An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. And the effect of planetary predominance is implied, which was held to be irresistible. So in Daniel's fine poem "To the Countess of Cumberland": "Where all th' *aspécts* of misery *predominate;* whose strong effects are such as he must bear, being powerless to redress." See, also, vol. vii. page 148, note 21.

20 *Crest* is, properly, the topmost part of a *helmet;* and helmets were often surmounted with armorial ensigns, and adorned with costly feathers or plumes. A hawk, or a cock, was said to *prune* himself when he picked off the loose feathers, and smoothed the rest; all from personal pride, of course.

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our Council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be utterèd.[21]

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. An Apartment of Prince* HENRY'S.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.[1] What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,[2] I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the Moon and the seven stars,[3] and not by

[21] The King probably means that he must not give the reins to his tongue while his mind is in such a state of perturbation. That he should thus keep his lips close when he is in danger of speaking indecorously, is a fine trait in his character.

[1] Implying, apparently, that he should ask only for the time of the *night;* as that is the time for all his pleasures and pursuits.

[2] *Taffeta* was a rich silk of a wavy lustré. So that a handsome woman blazing in a dress of *flame-coloured* taffeta would be a pretty brilliant and captivating phenomenon.

[3] The *seven stars* are, probably, the constellation Pleiades.

Phœbus, — he, *that wandering knight so fair.*[4] And I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king, — as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.[5]

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty:[6] let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the Moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *Lay by*, and spent with crying *Bring in;*[7] now in as low an ebb as the foot of the lad-

[4] Falstaff, with great propriety, according to the old astronomy, calls the Sun a *wandering knight.* The words probably are from some forgotten ballad.

[5] Not so much grace as will serve for saying grace before meat. Eggs and butter appear to have been a favourite lunch. — *Roundly*, in the next line, is *speak plainly*, or *bluntly.*

[6] Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *night* and *knight*, *beauty* and *booty*. *A squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight. — As to *Diana's foresters*, Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII., wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights.*

[7] The meaning and application of the phrase *Lay by*, as here used, are somewhat in doubt. It was in use as a nautical term for to *slacken sail.* So in *King Henry VIII.*, iii. 1: "Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then *lay by*"; that is, *sank to rest.* Some think that in the text it is a

der, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.[8]

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.[9] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?[10]

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities?[11] what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why; what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

phrase addressed by highwaymen to the persons they have waylaid, like "Stand! and deliver." But I believe no clear authority is brought for that explanation. So I suspect it was a phrase used by highwaymen to each other when watching for their game; and meant *be still*, or *stand close;* something like the phrase of our time, "lie low and keep dark." So *stand close* occurs twice in ii. 2, of this play.—*Bring in* was the call of revellers to the waiters to bring in *more wine.*

8 Referring to the liability which thieves incurred of being promoted to the high place of hanging.

9 Shakespeare has several allusions to the classical honey of Hybla, the name of a district in Sicily where the honey, celebrated by the poets for its superior flavour, was found. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1: "But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless."—It is certain that in this play, as originally written, Falstaff bore the name of Oldcastle; and "old lad of the castle" is no doubt a relic of that naming.

10 A *buff jerkin* was a jerkin or coat made of ox-hide, and was commonly worn by sheriff's officers. It seems to have been called a *robe of durance*, both because of its great durability, and because it was the wearer's business to put debtors and criminals in *durance.*

11 *Quips* and *quiddities* are gibes and subtile allusions or sly retorts. Strictly speaking, a *quiddity* is a nice distinction.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent[12]—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law?[13] Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps[14] with my humour; as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits,[15] whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,[16] I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear.[17]

[12] An intimation that, but for his prospect of the throne, the Prince would be credit-broken. To express the thought in full, were a greater liberty than Falstaff dares to take with the Prince.

[13] *Antic*, as the word is here used, means *buffoon*. Speaking of the law as a venerable buffoon is a right Falstaffian stroke of humour. In *Richard II.*, ii. 2, the word is so applied to Death: "Within the hollow crown Death keeps his Court; and there the *antic* sits, scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp." —*Fobb'd* is *tricked* or *cheated*.

[14] *Jumps* is *accords* or *agrees*. See vol. iii. page 160, note 5.

[15] There is a quibble here between *suits* in the sense of *petitions* and the *suits of clothes*, which the hangman inherited from those whom he executed. Waiting in the Court for the granting of one's petitions used to be as tedious as "the law's delay."

[16] As a sort of compromise between reverence and profanity, various oaths became so curtailed and disguised in the use, that their original meaning was almost lost. Among these, '*Sblood* and *Zounds* were very common, the original forms being "God's blood" and "God's wounds." '*Slight*, "God's light," was another.

[17] A *gib-cat* is a *male cat*. *Tom* cat is now the usual term. Ray has this proverbial phrase, "as melancholy as a *gibd* cat." In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* we have "a *gibbe* or *old male cat*." —A *lugg'd bear* was probably a bear made cross by having his ears pulled or plucked.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[18]

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[19]

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative,[20] rascalliest, sweet young prince, —But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration,[21] and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am

18 *Lincolnshire bagpipes* was proverbial. The allusion, if there be any, is yet unexplained.

19 The hare seems to have been proverbial as a type of melancholy. In illustration of the text, Staunton aptly quotes from Turberville's *Book on Hunting and Falconry*: "The hare first taught us the use of the hearbe called wyld Succory, which is very excellent for those which are disposed to be melancholicke: shee herselfe is *one of the most melancholicke beasts* that is, and to heale her own infirmitie she goeth commonly to sit under that hearbe."—*Moorditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, opened to an unwholesome morass, and therefore had an air of melancholy. So in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, 1618: "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*."

20 *Comparative* is here used for *one who is fond of making comparisons.*

21 That is, a naughty trick of *repetition*, referring, no doubt, to what the Prince keeps doing throughout this scene; namely, iterating, retorting, and distorting Falstaff's words.

a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.[22]

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINTZ.

—Pointz!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[23] O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand!* to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Pointz. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar?[24] Jack, how

[22] To *baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to unknight. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels.* The degrading of a false knight is thus set forth in *The Faerie Queene,* v. 3, 37, showing how Sir Artegall's iron page, Talus, served Braggadochio:

> First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent;
> Then from him reft his sheld, and it renverst,
> And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent;
> And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst;
> And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

[23] *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in *Ratsey's Ghost,* a tract printed about 1606: "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches.*"

[24] A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry.* So in Blount's *Glossographia:* "*Sherry* sack, so called from *Xeres,* a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Markham's *English Housewife:* "Your best sacks

agrees the Devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, — the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, — he will give the Devil his due.

Pointz. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Pointz. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill![25] there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward;[26] if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Pointz. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.[27]

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack.* The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a *dry* wine, *vin sec;* and it was formerly written *seck.*

[25] Gads-hill was a wooded place on the road from London to Rochester, much noted as a resort of highwaymen.

[26] *Yedward* was a familiar corruption of Edward.

[27] Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal.* The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings.*

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Pointz. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter Spring! farewell, All-hallown Summer![28] [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Pointz. Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prince. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pointz. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our

[28] *All-hallown*, or *All hallows*, is All Saints' Day, the first of November. Nothing could more happily express the character of Falstaff as sowing wild oats in his old age, or as carrying on the May and June of life to the verge of Winter.

horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment,[29] to be ourselves.

Pointz. Tut! our horses they shall not see, — I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[30] to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. But I doubt[31] they will be too hard for us.

Pointz. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,[32] what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof[33] of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Pointz. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked[34] humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother-up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

[29] *Appointment* for *equipment* or *outfit.* See page 9, note 8.

[30] This passage shows that *sirrah* was sometimes used merely in a playful, familiar way, without implying any lack of respect. — For the *nonce* signified for the *occasion*, for the *once.*

[31] *Doubt* in the sense of *fear* or *suspect;* a frequent usage.

[32] *Wards* is *guards;* that is, modes or postures of defence.

[33] *Reproof* for *refutation* or *disproof.* To *refute*, to *refell*, to *disallow*, are old meanings of to *refute.* See vol. iv. page 194, note 14.

[34] *Unyoked* is *untamed;* like wild steers not broken into work.

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
And vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiséd,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;[35]
And, like bright metal on a sullen[36] ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to[37] make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
As you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will frôm hénceforth rather be myself,

[35] *Hopes* for *expectations;* no uncommon use of the word even now.

[36] *Sullen* in its old sense of *dark* or *black.* See vol. x. page 246, note 4.

[37] In such cases, the old poets often omit *as* after *so.*—Here Johnson notes as follows: "This speech is very artfully introduced, to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience: it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake."

Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;[1]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.[2]

North. My good lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[3] of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit* WORCES.
—[*To* NORTH.] You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your Majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision[4]
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

[1] The King means that he will rather be what his office requires than what his natural *disposition* prompts him to be. The use of *condition* for *temper* or *disposition* was exceedingly common.

[2] *Holp* and *holpen* are the old preterites of the verb to *help*.—*Portly* here has the sense of *stately* or *imposing*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "The magnificoes of greatest *port*."

[3] *Frontier* seems to be here used very much in the sense of *confronting* or *outfacing*. The image is of a threatening or defiant *fortress*.

[4] *Envy* is doubtless used here for *malice*, the sense it more commonly bears in Shakespeare.—*Misprision* is *misprising* or *prising amiss;* mistaking.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and éxtreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land[5] at harvest-home:
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[6] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:[7] and still he smiled and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—
He should, or he should not; for't made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

[5] The courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble-land new-reap'd.— Millinery work was commonly done by men in Shakespeare's time; women's tailors, as they were called. See vol. ii. page 217, note 6.

[6] A *pouncet-box* was a box perforated with small holes, for carrying musk, or other perfumes then in fashion. Warburton says that "various aromatic powders were thus used in *snuff*, long before tobacco was."

[7] *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*: but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it*, in familiar modern speech; to be angry, to take offence.

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married.[8] Shall our coffers, then,

[8] The Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the Earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time

Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears[9]
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound[10] the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head[11] in the hollow bank

the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV.

[9] To *indent with* is to make a covenant or compact with any one: here it seems to bear the sense of to *compromise* or *make terms*. — Shakespeare sometimes uses subject and object interchangeably; as in *Macbeth*, i. 3: "Present *fears* are less than horrible imaginings"; where *fears* is put for *dangers*, that is, the things or persons feared. And so in the text *fears* apparently means *objects* of fear. So that the meaning of the passage in the text evidently is, "Shall we buy off traitors, or make terms with persons once dangerous indeed, but who have now forfeited and lost whatsoever rendered them formidable?"

[10] Shakespeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or consuming time in *Coriolanus*, i. 6: "How couldst thou in a mile *confound* an hour?"

[11] The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Like-

Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the Devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, from henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and train.*

Hot. An if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

wise in one of Jonson's Masques: "The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand, only their *heads* are *crispèd* by his stroke." — As Johnson notes, "Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank."

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and canker'd [12] Bolingbroke.

North. [*To* WORCESTER.] Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that is dead the next of blood? [13]

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy King —
Whose wrongs in us [14] God pardon! — did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed, and shortly murderèd.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

[12] *Canker*, both verb and noun, in one of its senses is used of any thing that corrodes or consumes, or that has the virulent or malignant qualities of a *cancer*. Such is doubtless the meaning here. See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

[13] Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir-apparent to the crown in 1385, but was killed in Ireland in 1398. His mother was Philippa, the only child of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward the Third. In the strict order of succession, the crown was due to Edmund Mortimer, the son of Roger, who was accordingly proclaimed heir-apparent by Richard the Second in 1399, just before starting on his expedition to Ireland. He was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew See note 8.

[14] That is, "the wrongs which we inflicted on him"; the Percys having been the chief supporters of Bolingbroke in his usurpation.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, — shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King; —
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage [15] them both in an unjust behalf, —
As both of you, God pardon it! have done, —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[16] Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves

[15] To *gage* is to *pledge*, or *commit*. *Engaged* occurs afterwards in much the same sense. *Both* refers to *nobility* and *power*. See vol. iii. page 119, note 29.

[16] The *canker* here meant is the *dog-rose;* the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. So, in *Much Ado*, i. 3, the sullen John says of Don Pedro, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his Grace."

Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd [17] contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim!
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start [18] a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival [19] all her dignities:

[17] *Disdain'd* for *disdainful* or *disdaining;* an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.

[18] *To rouse* and *to start* are instances of the infinitive used gerundively, and so are equivalent to *in rousing* and *in starting*. By *lion* Hotspur means the King.

[19] *Corrival* for *rival* simply, and in the sense of *partner* or *associate*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the *rivals* of my watch, bid them make haste." — "Half-faced fellowship" is the same, I take

But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.[20] —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.[21]
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners, —
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep; —
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer!*
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,[22]
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

it, as what we might call half-hearted friendship. It is Hotspur's way of charging that the King is not true to him, or does not rate his services so highly as he thinks they deserve.

[20] His imagination so swarms with ideal shapes and images, that it whirls him away from the business in hand.

[21] "I cry you mercy" is the old phrase for "I ask your pardon."

[22] To *refuse*, to *disclaim*, to *renounce*, to *forsake* are among the old senses of to *defy*. See vol. x. page 59, note 4.

And that same sword-and-buckler[23] Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.[24]
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.[25]
In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon't! — it is in Glostershire; —
'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,[26]
His uncle York; — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke; —
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
North. At Berkley-castle.
Hot. You say true: —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy[27]

[23] Upon the introduction of the rapier and dagger, the sword and buckler fell into desuetude among the higher classes, and were accounted fitting weapons for the vulgar only, such as Hotspur implies were the associates of the Prince. — STAUNTON.

[24] Hotspur is here speaking out of his anger and impatience: not that he could seriously think of doing what he says; for he is the soul of honour, and incapable of any thing mean.

[25] Henry Plantagenet, the King of this play, was surnamed Bolingbroke from a castle of that name in Lincolnshire, where he was born. In like manner, his father, John of Gaunt, was so called from the place of his birth, which was the city of Ghent in Flanders.

[26] *Kept* for *dwelt* or *lived.* So in *The Merchant*, iii. 3: "It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men."

[27] *Candy* is *sugar;* and "candy deal of courtesy" is deal of *sugared* courtesy. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 2: "Let the *candied* tongue lick absurd pomp."

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, *when his infant fortune came to age*,
And, *Gentle Harry Percy*, and, *kind cousin*, —
O, the Devil take such cozeners![28] — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. — [*To* NORTH.] You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
Th' Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,[29]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell't: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.[30]

[28] To *cozen* is to *cheat*, to *swindle*. Hotspur is snapping off a pun or play between *cousin* and *cozener*. So in *King Richard III.*, iv. 4: "Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle *cozen'd* of kingdom, kindred, freedom, life."

[29] *Estimation* in the sense of *conjecture* or *inference*.

[30] This phrase is taken from hunting. To *let slip* is to let *loose* the hounds when the game is ready for the chase. Unless the fox is *a-foot*, or out of his hole, the hunters cannot get at him.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;[31]
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:[32]
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin,[33] farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

31 That is, save their heads by making prompt headway in resistance. The use of *head* for *army* was common.

32 To *pay home* is to pay, that is, *punish, thoroughly*, or *to the uttermost.* So in *The Tempest*, v. 1: "I will *pay* thy graces *home* both in word and deed"; where, however, *pay* is *reward.* See, also, vol. v. page 13, note 23.

33 *Cousin* was a common term for *nephew, niece, grandchild*, and what we mean by the word.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rochester. An Inn-Yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 Car. Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain[1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse' not pack'd.—What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.[2]

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,[3] and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;[4] it was the death of him.

[1] *Charles' Wain* was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *Great Bear*. It is a corruption of *Chorles'* or *Churl's* wain.

[2] The *withers* of a horse is the ridge between the shoulder bones at the bottom of the neck, right under the *point* of the saddle. *Wrung* as thus used is the same as *gall'd*. So in *Hamlet*: "Let the *gall'd* jade wince, our withers are *unwrung*."—*Flocks* are *flakes* or *locks of wool*.—*Cess* is an old word for tax or subsidy; the original of *assess*. When an assessment was exorbitant, it was said to be *out of all cess*; excessive. *The Beggars' Bush* of B. and F.: "When the subsidy's increased, we are not a penny *cess'd*."

[3] *Dank* is *moist, damp*. The dog was probably as much overworked in comparisons three centuries ago as he is now.—"The *next* way" is the *nearest* way.—*Bots* is *worms*, a disease that horses sometimes die of.

[4] The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

2 Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.[5]

1 Car. Like a tench! by the Mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.[6]

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hang'd; come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.[7]

1 Car. 'Odsbody,[8] the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.[9]—What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd: hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.[10]

[5] Some fresh-water fish are at certain seasons infested with a sort of lice, and so might be said to be *stung*.

[6] The meaning probably is, breeds fleas *as fast as a loach breeds loaches;* the loach being deemed a very prolific fish. Holland's Pliny, however, countenances a different explanation: "Last of all, some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice."—Here, as often, *your*, in "your chimney" and "your chamber-lie," is used indefinitely, and with the force merely of *the* or *any*. See vol. iv. page 48, note 6.

[7] A *raze* of ginger is said to have been a term for a package of ginger; how large does not appear: not to be confounded with *race*, a *root*.—Charing-cross was an ancient shrine, said to have been erected in memory of Eleanor, Queen of Edward the First. Though the spot is now in the heart of London, three centuries ago it was in the outskirts of the city.

[8] Another disguised oath, whittled down from *God's body*.

[9] Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

[10] The Carrier has just said, "An't be not *four* by the day, I'll be hang'd." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Muggs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.[11]

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.[12]

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin [13] in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; [14] one that hath abundance of charge

[11] A slang phrase of the time, often found in old plays.

[12] *Chamberlain* was a term applied to certain tavern officers; probably much the same as *bar-keeper* in our time. As here represented, chamberlains often concerted with highwaymen for the waylaying of travellers, themselves sharing in the profits.

[13] A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity.

[14] An auditor was an officer of the revenue: his "abundance of charge" was doubtless money belonging to the State; as Gadshill afterwards says, "'tis going to the King's exchequer."

too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,[15] I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers;[16] such as can hold in,[17] such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zwounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the

15 As Nicholas or Old Nick is a cant name for the Devil, so thieves are equivocally called *St. Nicholas' clerks.*

16 A cant phrase for *great ones;* the word being formed in much the same way as auctioneer, privateer.— *Foot land-rakers* were *footpads,* wanderers on foot. — *Long-staff sixpenny strikers* were petty thieves, such as would knock a man down for a sixpence. — *Purple-hued malt-worms* were probably such as had their faces made red with drinking ale.

17 *Hold in,* as here used, appears to have been a term of the chase, applied to a pack of hounds when they all acted in concert, or pulled together in pursuit of the game. So that the sense of the phrase as applied to men would be *stick by each other,* or *be true to each other.* This interpretation appears to be sustained by a passage in Turberville's *Booke of Hunting:* "If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then, when they *hold in* together merrily, we say, *They are in a crie.*" In the old language of the chase, a *cry* is a *pack;* so that to be in a cry is to act *as a pack* in pursuit of the game, or to act in concert. So in Sylvester's *Du Bartas,* 1641: "A *crie* of hounds have here a deer in chase." See vol. iii. page 71, note 13.

Commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.[18]

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?[19]

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her.[20] We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, — we walk invisible.[21]

[18] *Boot* is *profit* or *advantage;* and in such cases it was common to use the plural where present usage requires the singular. So we have such expressions as "your *loves*" and "your *pities*," and "your *peaces*." — I have never met with any printed comment on this passage that seemed to me at all fitting or adequate. In the preceding note I have tried to explain a part of it, but am not greatly satisfied with the result. Since that note was written, I have received the following from Mr. Joseph Crosby, which satisfies me better than any thing I have either found or been able to think out: "Gadshill uses the word *pray* of course in the very opposite of its meaning; as we should have expected *swear* or *curse*, rather than *pray*. I take his whole speech to be a piece of braggadocio, somewhat like this: 'Have no fears of my companions: I am joined with none of your loose-tongued braggarts, but with men that *can hold in*, and keep their mouths shut, if need be; such as will knock a man on the head as quick as bid him *stand;* and such as would bid a man stand as quick as they would drink; and such as would drink sooner than —*pray*, I tell you: you think I am joking; but, if it be any joke, I'm a liar; for they *do* pray; they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,' &c."

[19] A quibble, of course, upon *boots* and *booty*.

[20] Greasing or oiling boots, to make them "hold out water in foul way," was called *liquoring* them. So in the *Merry Wives*, iv. 5: "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me." — *Cock-sure* is explained by Holloway as originating in the fact that the gun-lock which had a *cock* to it, as that part which holds the flint and strikes the fire is called, was found much more *sure* in firing than the old match-lock had been. The explanation is not very satisfactory, but I can give none better.

[21] *Fern-seed* was of old thought to have the power of rendering those invisible who carried it. So in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, i. 1: "Because indeed I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible; no *fern-seed* in my pocket." I suspect the key to the mystery lies partly in this, that ferns do not propagate by seeds, but by *spores*, which are invisible. So Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, states the fern to be "one of those plants which have their seede on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sighte. Those who perceived that ferne

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.[22]

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Road by Gads-hill.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ; BARDOLPH *and* PETO *at some distance.*

Pointz. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.[1]

Prince. Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Pointz! Pointz, and be hang'd! Pointz!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Pointz, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*

was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seede, were much at a losse for a solution of the difficultie." It appears, also, that there was a special formula of directions as to the time and manner of gathering the seed so as to make its wonderful properties available. Probably the words "*receipt* of fern-seed" refer to this.

22 *Purchase* was used in the sense of *gain*, *profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. So in *Henry V.*, iii. 2: "They will *steal* any thing, and call it *purchase*." — "*True* man" occurs repeatedly in this play for *honest* man, and so antithetic to *thief*. In the next scene the Prince says, "The thieves have bound the *true* men." The usage was common.

1 An equivoque on *frets*. Velvet and taffeta were sometimes starched with gum; in which cases the fabric soon got *fretted* away and spoilt.

Fal. I am accursed to rob[2] in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[3] further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,[4] I'll be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Pointz! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[5] me thus?

2 *To rob* is another gerundial infinitive, and so the same as *in robbing*. The usage is very frequent in Shakespeare. See page 30, note 18.

3 *Squire* was often used for a carpenter's measuring-rule; commonly called a *square*. Its length is two feet; and it has a shorter arm making a right angle with the longer one, so as to be used for *squaring* timbers.

4 Alluding to the philters or love-powders, which were supposed to have the effect in question. So, in *Othello*, i. 3, Brabantio says, "she is abused and corrupted by spells and *medicines* bought of mountebanks."

5 To *colt* is to *trick, fool*, or *deceive*. The Prince plays upon the word, as Falstaff has lost his *horse*.

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach[6] for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,[7] let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Pointz. O, 'tis our setter:[8] I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zwounds, will they not rob us?

6 To *peach* is, in our phrase, to "turn State's evidence." The radical sense of the word survives in *impeach.*

7 This was considered a pretty sharp infliction. Shakespeare was said to have thus revenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy with a ballad. The Psalmist's complaint, "And the drunkards made songs upon me," naturally occurs in connection with it.

8 The one who was to *set a match.* See page 18, note 23.

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Pointz. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [*Aside to* POINTZ.] Ned, where are our disguises?

Pointz. [*Aside to P.* HEN.] Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P.* HENRY *and* POINTZ.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[9] say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour:
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
We'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., &c. Stand!

2 Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[10] I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL., GADS., *&c., driving the* Travellers *out.*

9 A common phrase of the time meaning much the same as our "Success to you!" *Dole* is *deal, lot,* or *portion:* hence, "may happiness be his lot." See vol. vii. page 150, note 26.

10 A *chuff,* according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." So in Massinger's *Duke of Milan:* "To see these *chuffs,* who every day may spend a soldier's

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *in buckram suits.*

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Pointz. Stand close: I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the* Prince *and* POINTZ *set upon them.*

Prince. Your money!

Pointz. Villains!

[FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, and the others run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Fat Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Pointz. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins." — *Gorbellied* is another word of about the same meaning, — *pot-bellied.* — Falstaff, "a huge hill of flesh," reviling his victims for their corpulence, is an exquisite stroke of humour. Still better, perhaps, his exclaiming "they hate us youth," — the old sinner! — and "young men must live."

SCENE III.— *Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*[1]

Hot. —*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House.* — He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our House!— he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*— Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*— Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zwounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him[2] with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal

[1] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland. *Marches* is an old word for *borders;* and Earls of March were so called from their having charge of the borders, whether those between England and Scotland, or those between England and Wales. In the days of border warfare, the charge was an important one.

[2] Knock his brains out. See vol. vi. page 238, note 40.

is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets,[3] for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night. —

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate![4] I must leave you within these two hours.
Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage! to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks,[5] of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,

[3] Cut myself into two parts, and set the parts to cuffing each other.

[4] The Poet seems to have had a special liking for the name of Kate. The name of Hotspur's wife was Elizabeth. Holinshed, however, calls her Elinor.

[5] *Retires* are *retreats.* — *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. — *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance; so called from their supposed resemblance to the serpent of that name.

And all the 'currents[6] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thou hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.[7] O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*[8] —
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with.[9] In faith,

[6] '*Currents*, that is, *occurrents*, is an old form for *occurrences.*

[7] *Hest* is *behest*, — *summons* or *command.*

[8] *Esperance* was the motto of the Percy family. The word is French, and means *hope.* Here it is three syllables; later in the play it is four.

[9] As the spleen was held to be the special seat of all sudden and explosive emotions, whether of mirth or anger; so it is aptly assigned here as the

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line[10] his enterprise: but if you go, —
Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito,[11] answer me
Directly to this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets[12] and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.[13] — Gods me, my horse! —
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me

cause of Hotspur's skittishness, or the swift jerks of speech and action which he is playing off.

[10] The Poet has *line* repeatedly for *strengthen*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 3: "Did *line* the rebel with hidden help and vantage."

[11] *Paraquito* is a small parrot; also called *perroquet* and *parakeet*.

[12] *Mammets* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakespeare for a *female plaything;* a diminutive of *mam*. So in Junius's *Nomenclator*, 1585: "Icunculæ, *mammets* or puppets that goe by devises of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving."

[13] A play, of course, between the two senses of *crowns*, that is, heads, and the coin so named. A crack in a coin sometimes made it uncurrent; and it might be big enough to make a head so too.

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are;
But yet a woman: and, for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap.*[1] *A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,[2] and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINTZ.

Pointz. Where hast been, Hal?

[1] Eastcheap is selected with propriety for the scene of the Prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper Thames Street, being granted to Henry, Prince of Wales. Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar's-Head Tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.

[2] It does not well appear what room Pointz was in, or why it is called *fat*. To be sure, *fat* and *vat* were both used for what we call *wine-vats*, So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7: "Come, thou monarch of the vine! in thy *fats* our cares be drown'd," &c. But, so, a fat-room would be in a place where wine was made, not in a tavern where it was drunk. See Critical Notes.

Prince. With three or four loggerheads[3] amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash[4] of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as, Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a corinthian,[5] a lad of mettle, a good boy, — by the Lord, so they call me; — and, when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and, when you breathe in your watering,[6] they cry *hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker;[7] one that never spake other English in his life than *Eight shillings*

[3] *Loggerheads* probably means *blockheads*.

[4] *Leash* is properly a string or thong for leading a dog; and it came to signify a *trio*, because three dogs were usually coupled together.

[5] *Corinthian* and *Trojan* appear to have been a sort of flash terms in use among the fast young men of the time. *Corinthian* probably had some reference to the morals of ancient Corinth. Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, speaks of "the sage and rheumatic old prelatess, with all her *Corinthian* laity."

[6] To *breathe in your watering* is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600:

> A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,
> *Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stays.

Also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "If he dranke off his cups cleanely, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

[7] It appears that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack. — An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is from *scenc*, drink; Saxon.

and sixpence, and, *You are welcome ;* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir ! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*,[8] — or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis !* that his tale to me may be nothing but *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.[9] [*Exit* POINTZ.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five years! by'r Lady,[10] a long lease for the clinking of pewter.[11] But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

8 *Half-moon* is used as the name of a room in the tavern; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after. — *Score* was a term for keeping accounts, when *tally-sticks* were in use. — *Bastard*, it seems, was the name of a certain wine. *In the Half-moon* refers to the person occupying that room.

9 A *precedent* here means an *example* or *specimen*.

10 "By our Lady" was a common oath; referring to Saint Mary the Virgin.

11 Probably meaning pewter cups for serving wine.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michælmas[12] next I shall be —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord?

Prince. — wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,[13] crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard[14] is your only

[12] Michaelmas, the festival of St. Michael and All Angels, falls on the 29th of September.

[13] The Prince refers to Francis's master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets. — *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped;* having the hair cut close. — *Puke-stockings* are *dark-coloured stockings*. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black. — *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France.

[14] *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack. — Making a remark or asking a question utterly irrelevant to the matter in hand, is an old trick of humour. We have had it once before in the question, "And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" Here it is used for the purpose of mystifying poor Francis. Ben Jonson calls it "a game of vapours."

drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him;* FRANCIS *stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] — My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] — Pointz!

Re-enter POINTZ.

Pointz. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Pointz. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.[15] — What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of

[15] The Prince means, apparently, that he is now up to any sort of game that will yield sport and pass away the time.

the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry,* says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after,—*a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*[16] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; *followed by* FRANCIS *with wine.*

Daintz. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,[17] and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan[18] kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:[19] there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a

16 Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.—*Brawn* refers to Falstaff's plumpness and rotundity. Properly the word means any prominent muscular part of the body, especially of the arms.

17 *Nether-stocks* were what we now call *stockings.*

18 In the classical ages of Greece the name *Titan* was given to various mythological personages, supposed to be descended from the original Titans, and among others to *Helios,* the god of the Sun. In Shakespeare's time the name was in common use for the Sun.

19 Putting lime in sack and other wines appears to have been a common device for making them seem fresh and sparkling, when in truth they were spiritless and stale. Eliot, in his *Orthoepia,* 1593, says, "The vintners of London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the gouts."

coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot[20] upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring.[21] There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing.[22] A plague of all cowards! I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[23] and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that:—and Pointz there?

Pointz. Zwounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that

20 The meaning is, "if, when thou *shalt* die, manhood, good manhood, be not forgot," &c. Shakespeare has a great many instances of *shall* and *will* used indiscriminately.

21 *A shotten herring* is one that has cast her spawn, and is therefore very lean and lank.

22 Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in *Twelfth Night.* The Protestants who fled from the persecutions of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers: their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

23 A *dagger of lath* was the weapon given to the Vice in the old Moral-plays; hence it came to be a theme of frequent allusion. See vol. v. page 222, note 17.

backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I. [*Drinks.*

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword[24] with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scapèd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. —and bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

[24] *Half-sword* appears to have been a term of fencing, for a close fight, or a fight within half the length of the sword.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:[25] here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Pointz. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Pointz. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. [*Aside to* POINTZ.] Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of, —

Prince. So, two more already.

[25] *Old ward* is *old posture of defence;* his usual mode of *warding* off the adversary's blows. See page 21, note 32. — In Falstaff's next speech but one, the words "*mainly* thrust" mean thrust *mightily*, or, as we say, "with might and main." The Poet has *main* repeatedly in this sense; as "the main flood" and "the main of waters"; that is, the *mighty ocean.*

Fal. —their points being broken,—

Pointz. Down fell their hose.[26]

Fal. —began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green[27] came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,[28]—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Pointz. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,[29] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on

[26] The jest lies in a quibble upon *points*, Falstaff using the word for the *sharp end of a weapon*, Pointz for the *tagged lace* with which garments were then fastened. See vol. v. page 151, note 3.

[27] *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture.

[28] A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher into a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler.

[29] The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms, but shook all the joints out of joint; "which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo."

compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons[30] were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,[31] —

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: —

Pointz. Mark, Jack.

Prince. — We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word,[32] outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: — and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Pointz. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye.

[30] It appears that *reason* and *raisin* were pronounced alike.

[31] *Tuck* was one of the names for a straight, slim sword, also called *rapier.* This and all the foregoing terms are applied to the Prince in allusion to his slenderness of person. The Poet had historical authority for this; as Stowe says of the Prince, "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small."

[32] "*With* a word" is the same as *in* a word, or *in short.*

Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—[*To* Hostess *within.*] Hostess, clap-to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the Prince,—

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess![33] what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[34] and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

[33] A sportive rejoinder to her "my lord the Prince." See vol. x. page 242, note 14.

[34] The hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman.* The Prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *royal man. Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10*s.*, the other 6*s.* 8*d.* If, then, the messenger were already a *noble* man, give him 3*s.* 4*d.*, and it would make him a *royal* man. Hearne relates how "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, 'My *royal* queen,' and a little after, 'My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I ten groats worse than I was?'"

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: — by'r Lady, you fought fair; — so did you, Peto; — so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince; no, — fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.[35] I did that I did not this seven year before; I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[36] and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire[37] and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

[35] We have before had "*true* man" repeatedly for *honest* man; here "*true* men" means *brave* men, — men of pluck.

[36] "Taken *with the manner*" is an old phrase for *taken in the act.*

[37] The Prince means the fire in Bardolph's face.

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.[38]

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.[39] — Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. —

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast![40] How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon[41] the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the Devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,[42] — what a plague call you him?

Pointz. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, — the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

38 Hard drinking and no cash; as drinking heats the liver and empties the purse.

39 There is a quibble implied here between *choler* and *collar*. It is observable that the Prince deals very much in this kind of *implied* puns, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of the man with his occasional levity and playfulness.

40 *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the cotton-plant the *bombast* tree. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes*.

41 A demon, who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

42 The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol[43] kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince: So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps[44] more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

[43] Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.

[44] *Blue-caps* being of old the national head-dress of Scottish soldiers, the Scotsmen themselves are here appropriately called *blue-caps*.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,[45] thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.[46] [*Drinks.*

Prince. Well, here is my leg.[47]

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i'faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the Father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players[48] as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.[49]—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camo-

[45] An old form of speech, which we should invert: "a joint-stool is taken for thy state," &c.—*State* is often used by old writers for the official seat of Majesty, the *throne.*—*Stool* was in common use for what we call a chair; and a joint-stool was a chair with a joint in it; a *folding*-chair.

[46] The banter is here upon the play called "A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia," by Thomas Preston, 1570.—*Passion* is here used, not for anger, but in the classical sense of *suffering, grief.*

[47] *Making a leg* was much used to signify a bow of reverence; an *obeisance.* See vol. x. page 159, note 8.

[48] *Harlotry* was sometimes used adjectively as a general term of reproach; equivalent, perhaps, to *ribald.*

[49] *Tickle-brain* appears to have been a slang term for some potent kind of liquor.

mile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point: Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher,[50] and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

50 A *micher* here means a *truant.* So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty." And in Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words and Phrases:* "*Moocher.* A *truant;* a 'blackberry moucher,'—a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries."

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.[51]

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man, — a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch[52] of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[53] of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,[54] that reverend Vice, that gray Iniquity,[55] that father ruffian, that vanity

[51] A *rabbit-sucker* is a *sucking rabbit.* — A *poulter* is a *poulterer*, a breeder of, or dealer in, poultry.

[52] The receptacle into which meal is *bolted.*

[53] *Bombard* was generally used in the Poet's time for a large barrel; sometimes, however, for a huge leathern vessel for holding liquor, which is probably its meaning here.

[54] *Manningtree* was a place in Essex noted for its fine pastures and large oxen, and for the great fairs that used to be held there, at which the old plays called Moralities were performed, and eating and drinking were done on a large scale. It is not unlikely that on some of these occasions oxen may have been roasted whole with puddings done up in them, as is said in a ballad written in 1658: "Just so the people stare at an ox in the fair, roasted whole with a pudding in's belly."

[55] The Vice, sometimes also called Iniquity, was the stereotyped jester and buffoon of the old Moral-plays, which were going out of use in the Poet's time. See vol. ix. page 202, note 8.

in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,[56] but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you:[57] whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, — the more the pity, — his white hairs do witness it; but that he is — saving your reverence — a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

[56] *Cunning* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing*.

[57] That is, let me understand you.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! — Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess, *hastily*.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord, —

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the Devil rides upon a fiddlestick:[58] what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.[59]

[58] This is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.

[59] This passage has been a standing puzzle to the commentators; and I have never hitherto met with any comment that seemed to me to make any fitting and intelligible sense out of it. At length, Mr. Joseph Crosby has written me an explanation which I think fits the case all round, and is just the thing. The meaning is, "You are essentially, really, truly a madcap, and are not merely putting on the semblance or acting the part of one: it is a matter of character, and not of mere imitation, with you; and to say you have but assumed the role of a make-sport for the fun and humour of it, is like calling a true piece of gold a counterfeit." So that here, as in divers other places, *seeming* has the sense of *simulation* or *counterfeit*, and *without* the sense of *beyond*, *besides*, or *over and above*. In the mock play that Falstaff and the Prince have just been performing, the latter seeks to lay the blame of his sprees and frolics upon "that villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff." Falstaff is of course unwilling that any such idea or representation of himself should be carried to the King. And when their game is interrupted by the report of the Sheriff's coming, Sir John wants to "play out the play," and to have the Prince practise a very different answer for his father; boldly assuming the responsibility of his madcap frolicsomeness, on the ground of its being a thing ingenerate in him, the spontaneous outcome of his native disposition, and not a mere part taken up under the leading or inspiration of Sir John. As they cannot continue the play, at last Falstaff throws the upshot of what further he has to say into the speech in question. — And Mr. Crosby justly gives a like explanation of the Prince's speech in reply: "And thou a natural coward, without instinct." Which means that he is a veritable, born coward; that his cow-

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major:*[60] if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras:[61]—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.—

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* Pointz.

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue-and-cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—
A gross fat man.

ardice is ingenerate in him, and not, as he has alleged, the mere outcome of a special instinct stirred into act in a particular exigency or towards a particular person.

[60] Here, again, Mr. Crosby gives me a just and fitting explanation. Falstaff has some knowledge of technical terms in logic, such as the *major* and *minor premises* of a syllogism or proposition. But he here uses *major* in the sense of *proposition*, putting a part for the whole. It would seem that *major* and *mayor* were sounded much alike. So Falstaff makes a pun or quibble between *major*, as a term in logic, and *mayor*, as the head of a civic corporation, and the sheriff's official superior. So that his meaning is, "I deny your statement, what you have just said or affirmed: if you will deny the Sheriff, very well," &c.

[61] Tapestry was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as to keep it from being rotted by the dampness; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. The old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.[62]
And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.[63] Go, call him forth.

Pointz. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [POINTZ *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Pointz. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Pointz. [Reads.]

[62] Shakespeare has been blamed for putting this falsehood into the Prince's mouth. The blame, whatever it be, should rather light on the Prince; and even he is rather to be blamed for what he has all along been doing, than for what he now says. To have betrayed Falstaff, after what has passed between them, would have been something worse than telling a falsehood; more wicked even, let alone the meanness of it. The Poet did not mean to represent the Prince as altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John; and if he had done so, he would have been false to nature.

[63] St. Paul's Cathedral is the object meant; then the most conspicuous structure in London, its spire being five hundred feet high.

Item, A capon, ...	2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, ...	4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, . . .	5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, ...	*ob.*[64]

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.[65] The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

Pointz. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[1] full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—will you sit down?—and uncle Worcester,—a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

[64] *Ob.* is for *obolum*, which was the common mode of signifying a half-penny.

[65] Meaning that a march of twelve-score *yards* will be his death.

[1] *Induction* is used by Shakespeare for *commencement, beginning.* The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction.*

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[2] ay, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my mind, if you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then th' Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseasèd Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

[2] *Cressets* were *lights* used as beacons, and sometimes as torches to light processions; so named from the French, *croissette*, because the fire was placed on a little cross.

To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous in the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh. — I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the Devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil!

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scaped he agues, in the Devil's name!

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,[3]
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: — and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite[4] are drawn;
Which being sealèd interchangeably, —
A business that this night may execute, —
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days: —
[*To* GLEND.] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
Or there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety,[5] north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:

[3] *Hitherto* was an adverb of place as well as of time.

[4] *Indentures* are *covenants* or *compacts;* here called *tripartite* because there are three parties to them. Ordinarily they are between two parties, and then are drawn in duplicate. These were to be signed and sealed *interchangeably*, that each of the three partics might have a copy.

[5] A *moiety* was often used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts.

See how this river comes me cranking in,[6]
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle [7] out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom [8] here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding th' opposèd continent [9] as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runneth straight and evenly.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then;
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,

6 To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out.

7 A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing.

8 *Bottom* is used of a low and level piece of land, such as the interval of a river.

9 *Continent* was used in a general sense for that which holds in or contains any thing; hence for the banks of a river.

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick [10] turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The Moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll in and haste the writer,[11] and withal
Break with [12] your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp [13] and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin [14] and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,

[10] *Canstick* was a common contraction of *candlestick.*

[11] The writer of the indentures already mentioned.

[12] *Break with* is old language for *breaking* or *opening a subject to.*

[13] The *moldwarp* is the *mole;* so called because it *warps* the surface of the ground into ridges.

[14] Merlin was a "great magician," whose "deep science and hell-dreaded might" was much celebrated in the ancient mythology of Wales. Some of his wonderful doings, especially his magic mirror, are choicely sung in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, iii. 2.

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten[15] raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lacqueys: I cried *hum*, and *well*,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tirèd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill,[16] far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments;[17] valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blunt;[18]

15 To *moult* is used for birds shedding their feathers. *Moulten* for *moulting*.— *Griffin*, a fabulous animal, half lion, half eagle.

16 Windmills were of old used in England for grinding corn, and of course were perched above the houses in which the grinding was done. Such a house would not be a very quiet place of residence.— *Cates*, in the next line, is *dainties* or *delicacies*.

17 Skilled in wonderful secrets.

18 The Poet has a similar expression in *King John*, v. 2: "The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite: he flatly says he'll not lay down his arms."

And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with Lady* MORTIMER *and Lady* PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy[19]
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to Lady* MORTIMER *in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,[20]

[19] It has already been seen that Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt.* From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

[20] The more common meaning of *peevish* was *foolish*, and so, probably, here.— It appears that *harlotry* was used somewhat as a general term of reproach, without implying any such sense as we attach to *harlot.* So, in

One no persuasion can do good upon.
[*Lady* MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heavens[21]
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
[*Lady* MORTIMER *speaks to him again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a Summer's bower,
With ravishing division,[22] to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite mad.
[*Lady* MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *again in Welsh.*
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes[23] lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2, Capulet uses it of his daughter: "A peevish self-will'd *harlotry* it is."

21 "Those two swelling *heavens*" are the lady's *cerulean* eyes, to be sure; and *swelling*, as eyes are wont to do when preparing a shower.

22 *Division* appears to have been used for what we call *accompaniment*. Some explain it *variations*. An accompaniment with variations, perhaps.

23 English noblemen, even down to Shakespeare's time, had their floors carpeted with *rushes;* and it would seem that even this was thought luxurious enough to be termed *wanton*.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,[24] I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:
An those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.[25]
By'r Lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,[26] howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.[27]

Lady P. Now God help thee!

[24] It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.

[25] It is rather difficult to keep up with the use of *humorous* and its cognates in the Poet's time. It was much applied to freaky, skittish persons, men addicted to sudden gusts and flaws. Perhaps our word *crotchety* comes as near to it as any now in use. See vol. iii. page 192, note 12; and vol. v. page 23, note 26.

[26] *Brach* was a common term for a fine-nosed hound. It appears that *Lady* was the name of Hotspur's musical howler. See vol. ii. page 141, note 10.

[27] It is not quite clear what may be the woman's fault intended. If the context be taken strictly, it must be an unwillingness either to have the head broken or to hold the tongue. Or it may be that a woman will neither talk reason nor be still when others talk it. But probably it is a sort of disguised or ironical compliment; that he cannot be still while he has his wife to talk to, or cannot listen to the singing while she keeps him talking.

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings. [*A Welsh song by Lady* MORT.
Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's[28] wife! *Not mine, in good sooth;* and, *As true as I live;* and, *As God shall mend me;* and, *As sure as day;*
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbúry.[29]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth,*
And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.[30]
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor,[31] or be redbreast-teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

[28] A *comfit*-maker is a maker of *confectionery;* that is, sugar-candies.

[29] Finsbury, now a part of the city, but formerly open walks and fields, was a common resort of the citizens for airing and recreation.

[30] *Velvet-guards,* or *trimmings of velvet,* were the city fashion in Shakespeare's time; here regarded as marks of softness or finicalness. — Sunday-citizens are people in their Sunday-clothes or holiday finery. — *Pepper*-gingerbread is gingerbread *spiced,* or, perhaps, finely-seasoned sweet-cake.

[31] Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds." — "The *next* way" is the *nearest* way.

SCENE II. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *and* Lords.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. — [*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in His secret doom, out of my blood[1]
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven
To punish my mistreadings.[2] Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,[3]
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless[4] I can purge

[1] *Blood*, as often, for *person;* that is, his person as represented in his progeny or offspring. The King is thinking of the wrong he has done to his own kindred, or family blood, in the person of Richard.

[2] *Mistreadings*, of course, for *misdoings* or *transgressions.* The speaker's conscience is ill at ease; and his sense of guilt in the discrowning of his cousin and the usurping of his seat arms his son's irregularities with the stings of a providential retribution.

[3] *Lewd* in its old sense of *wicked* or *depraved.* Repeatedly so. *Attempts* for *pursuits* or *courses.*

[4] As the Poet often uses *doubt* in the sense of *fear*, so here he has *doubtless* for *fearless*, that is, *confident*, or *sure.* So, once more, in *King John*, iv. 1: "Sleep *doubtless* and secure." — Here, as often, *quit* is *acquit*, with *myself*

Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,[5] —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, —
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.[6]

King. God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,[7]
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion,[8] that did help me to the crown,

understood after it, just as *purge*. *As well* is simply redundant, save in point of metre.

[5] *News-mongers* are *tattlers* or *tale-bearers; sycophants*, in the proper classical sense of the term; that is, those who curry favour by framing or propagating scandalous *reports*. — *Reproof*, again, for *disproof*. See page 21, note 33.

[6] The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure: "Let me beg so much extenuation that, *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true*."

[7] The Poet here anticipates an event that took place several years later. Holinshed, having just spoken of the Prince's assault on the Chief Justice, adds, "The king after expelled him out of his privie councell, banisht him the court, and made the duke of Clarence, his yoonger brother, president of councell in his steed."

[8] *Opinion* here stands for *public sentiment*. The Poet has it repeatedly

Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say, *Where, which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,[9]
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,[10]
Even in the presence of the crownèd King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showèd like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.[11]
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin[12] wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded[13] his state;

in the kindred sense of *reputation.* — *Possession*, in the next line, is put for *the person in possession;* that is, of the throne.

[9] This innocent passage has drawn forth some very odd quirks of explanation, or obscuration rather. Of course it means "I put all the graciousness and benignity of the heavens into my manners and address"; somewhat as in Wordsworth's well-known line, "The gentleness of heaven is on the sea."

[10] Meaning, caused both men's hearts to beat high with allegiant emotions towards himself, and their mouths to overflow with loud salutations. The Poet is very fond of the word *pluck* in the sense of *draw, pull*, or *rouse.*

[11] That is, such solemnity as belongs to a feast. *Solemnity* was often used of feasts of state; much in the sense of *dignity.* Macbeth invites Banquo to "a solemn supper," when he means to have him murdered.

[12] *Bavins* are *brush-wood*, or *small fagots* used for lighting fires. So in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."

[13] This word has been explained in divers ways. The most probable

Mingled his royalty, with capering fools;[14]
Had his great name profanèd with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;[15]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;[16]
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,[17]
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspéct
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.

meaning is shown in Bacon's *Natural History*: "It is an excellent drink for a consumption, to be drunk either alone, or *carded* with some other beer." Likewise in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk) half small, half strong." So that "*carded* his state" probably means the same as "*mingled* his royalty"; the latter being explanatory of the former.

14 Alluding, no doubt, to the *dancing*, fashion-mongering sprigs that Richard the Second drew about him.

15 That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was *a dealer in comparisons*. See page 17, note 20.

16 *Gave himself up*, absolutely and entirely, *to popularity*. *To enfeoff* is a law term, signifying *to give* or grant any thing to another in fee-simple. *Popularity* here means vulgar intercourse, or *promiscuousness*.

17 *Community* for *commonness*, or cheap familiarity.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation:[18] not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state[19]
Than thou, the shadow of succession;
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,[20]
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renownèd Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority

[18] Vile *participation* for low, vulgar *companionship.*

[19] We should now write *in* the state, but such was the usage of the Poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 1: "He is less frequent *to* his princely exercises than formerly." — *State* for *throne*, as often.

[20] The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older. — *Harness*, two lines before, is *armour.* So in *Macbeth*, v. 5: "At least we'll die with *harness* on our back."

And military title capital[21]
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlargèd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer
Capitulate[22] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?[23]
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour[24] in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

[21] *Majority* for *pre-eminence* or *priority;* and *capital* for *principal;* the *head* man of the age in soldiership.

[22] To *capitulate* formerly signified *to make articles of agreement.*

[23] So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven or ever I had seen that day, Horatio." For this use of *dear* see vol. v. page 227, note 6.

[24] The word *mask* ascertains *favour* to mean *face* here.

And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds[25] on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;[26]
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.—

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland[27] hath sent word

[25] As capitalists or speculators sometimes send out *factors*, that is, *agents*, to buy up and monopolize wool, grain, or other products.

[26] *Bands* and *bonds* were used indifferently for *obligations.*—*Intemperance* in the classical sense of lacking self-restraint or self-government.

[27] There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland;* but there was a Scottish Earl of March and an English Earl of March, and this same-

That Douglas and the English rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.
King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement[28] is five days old.
On Wednesday next you, Harry, shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valuèd,[29] some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john.[1] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,

ness of title probably led the Poet into a confusion of the names. The Scottish Earl of March was George Dunbar, who attached himself so warmly to the English that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion. See page 45, note 1.

28 *Advertisement* is *intelligence*, or *information*.

29 That is, an estimate being made of the business to be done.

1 The apple-john was by no means the same as the apple-jack of later times, though the two may be some kin. The former was a variety of the apple, which is said to have kept two years. Thus described by Phillips: "*John-apple*, whose wither'd rind, entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly rep-

while I am in some liking;[2] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse:[3] the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,[4]—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

resents decrepid age." And, in The Second Part, one of the persons, speaking of Falstaff, says, "The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights."

[2] The sense of *liking* is about the same as our phrase *good keeping.* Thus in the *Prayer-Book*, Psalm xcii.: "Such as are planted in the House of the Lord shall bring forth more fruit in their age, and shall be fat and *well-liking.*" The English Psalter is much older than the version of 1611, which renders the same passage "fat and *flourishing.*"

[3] That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be gathered from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened*: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse?*—Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."

[4] *Admiral* is, properly, the leading ship in a fleet or naval squadron; hence transferred, as a title, to the head of a fleet. Of course the admiral was to go foremost, and in the night to bear a lantern conspicuous in the stern, or *poop*, that those in the rear might keep in her track.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel:*[5] but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:[6] but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap[7] at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd. —

Enter the Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen![8] have you inquired yet who pick'd my pocket?

[5] Alluding, probably, to *Exodus*, iii. 2: "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush;" &c.

[6] *Candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

[7] *Cheap* is the past participle of cypan, Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain.* Our ancestors used *good cheap* and *better cheap* as we now use *cheap* and *cheaper.*

[8] *God-a-mercy* is an old colloquialism for God *have* mercy. — *Heart-burn* is an old name for the gastric pains caused by indigestion or acid fermentation. — "Dame Partlet the hen" is a highly-distinguished character in the story of *Reynard the Fox.* See vol. vii. page 179, note 9.

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe[9] of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas:[10] I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters[11] of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.[12] You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,[13] and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you

9 *The tithe* is the *tenth part;* as in old ecclesiastical language.

10 *Dowlas* is said to be from *Dowlens,* the name of a town in France, where a kind of coarse linen cloth was made.

11 *Bolters* were *sieves,* used for sifting or bolting meal or flour.

12 *Eight shillings an ell,* for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses:* "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece; yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

13 *By-drinkings* are drinkings between meals.

rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker[14] of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup:[15] 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. —

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two-and-two, Newgate-fashion.[16]

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

14 *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience; something like our *greenhorn*.

15 Dyce says, "*sneak-cup* is plainly one who sneaks from his cup"; that is, dodges the liquor.

16 Bardolph is somewhat keen here. Newgate was one of the London prisons; and condemned criminals were wont to be marched off to prison, handcuffed together in pairs, or *two and two*, to keep them from escaping.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;[17] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[18] and, for womanhood, Maid Marian[19] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.[20] Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

17 *Faith* here means *fidelity.*—Falstaff is something touched with a habit of looseness in his comparisons. It appears that *stewed prunes* were a favourite relish in houses of ill fame; and here the thing eaten seems to be put for the eater.

18 "A *drawn fox*" is commonly said to mean a fox drawn or ousted from his cover, when he was supposed to have recourse to all sorts of cunning artifices, to elude his pursuers. It may be so; but I much prefer Heath's explanation: "A fox drawn over the ground, to leave a scent, and keep the hounds in exercise while they are not employed in a better chase. It is said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

19 Maid Marian was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman.

20 Here *to* has the force of *compared to*, or *in comparison with.* So that the meaning seems to be, "In respect of womanhood, you are as much below maid Marian as she is below the wife of the deputy of the ward." The Mayor, I think, or some other magistrate of the city, had a deputy, or substitute, in each ward. Of course it was an office of considerable dignity.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought[21] him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.[22]

[21] *Ought* and *owed* are but different forms of the same word.

[22] "Ungirt, unblest" was an old proverb. And in the language of the Old Testament, the *girdle* is emblematic of authority, and of the qualities that inspire respect and reverence. So in Job xii. 18: "He looseth the

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed[23] rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, — if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket-up wrong.[24] Art thou not ashamed!

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee:[25] go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou see'st I am pacified. — Still? Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess.] — Now, Hal, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle." Also in Isaiah xi. 5: "And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." So that Falstaff's meaning seems to be, "May I in my old age cease to be reverenced, if I be guilty of such a misplacement of reverence."

23 *Emboss'd* was often used of certain sores, such as boils and carbuncles, when grown to a head. In this sense it might aptly refer to Falstaff's rotundity of person. See vol. v. page 47, note 12.

24 Pocketing-up wrongs or injuries is an old phrase for tamely putting up with affronts, instead of resenting them with manly spirit. Of course the Prince has a punning reference to the forecited contents of Sir John's pocket.

25 A characteristic stroke of humorous impudence; Falstaff making believe that he is the one sinned against, and not the sinner.

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.[26]

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph, —

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. —
[*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time. — [*Exit* POINTZ.
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in th' afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast; come: —
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum![27] [*Exit.*

[26] Doing a thing with *unwashed hands* appears to be much the same as doing it *without gloves*; that is, *thoroughly* or *unscrupulously*.

[27] Sir John prefers the leading of his gastric apparatus in the tavern to that of the military ensign, or of the drum, which was wont to be decorated

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As[1] not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general-current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy[2]
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me,[3] lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. —

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
Hot. Zwounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

with the colours of the regiment or battalion: so, as Mr. Joseph Crosby observes, "when he has heard the Prince giving orders to get ready for marching, he gives *his* orders to the Hostess to get ready for breakfast."

1 *As* and *that* were used indiscriminately.

2 *Defy*, again, for *refuse* or *abjure*. See page 31, note 22. — *Soothers* is *flatterers;* a frequent usage.

3 "*Approve* me" is *make trial of* me, or *put* me *to the proof.*

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.[4]
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness, —
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd[5]
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the éxact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

[4] This way of using *fear* was not uncommon. See vol. ix. page 147, note 21.

[5] *Possess'd* is *informed.* Often so. See vol. v. page 171, note 25.

It were not good; for therein should we read[6]
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list,[7] the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where[8] now remains a sweet reversion;
And we may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement[9] lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhood of our affairs.[10]

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[11] of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side[12]
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

[6] To *see*, to *learn*, to *discover* are among the old senses of to *read*. To "read the bottom" is to *try the uttermost;* to *exhaust*.

[7] *List* in the sense of *edge* or *border*, was quite common. A metaphor from the list of cloth. See vol. vi. page 132, note 2.

[8] *Where* and *whereas* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

[9] *Retirement* is used with the same meaning as *reversion*, just before; something to fall back upon.

[10] The *youth*, *immaturity* of our affairs.

[11] *Hair* was used metaphorically for *complexion*, or *character*. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour:* "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas More:* "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."

[12] The *offering* side is the *assailing* side.

And stop all sight-holes, every loop [13] from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear [14]
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. Nay, you strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,[15]
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoken in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intendeth speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

13 *Loop* is the same as *loop-hole*.

14 Here, again, *fear* is put for the *thing feared*. The words *draws a curtain* (that is, *withdraws*) show that the Poet had in mind the personage called *Fear*, who figured on the old stage; something like what we call a *fright*.

15 *Opinion* is *fame*, *reputation*, in old English, as in Latin.

The nimble-footed[16] madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrádes, that daff[17] the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Bate it;[18] like eagles having lately bathed;[19]

16 Stowe says of the Prince, "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."

17 *Daff* is the same as *doff, do off.* Here it means *throw* or *toss.*

18 *Estridge* is the old form of *ostrich.* The ostrich's plumage might naturally occur to the Poet, from its being the cognizance of the Prince.— To *bate* is an old term, meaning to *flutter* or *flap* the wings, as an ostrich does to aid its speed in running. Here *it* is used absolutely or indefinitely, and not as referring to any antecedent. So the Poet has such expressions as "fight *it* out," "smooth'st *it* so," "revel *it*," "trip *it* as you go," and others. So that the meaning in the text is, "Their plumage showed as if they had been ostriches *struggling with*, or *beating against*, the wind." Such is the upshot of the explanation lately given by Mr. A. E. Brae; who supports it by the following apt quotation from one of Lord Bacon's letters to Queen Elizabeth, 1600: "For now I am like a hawk that *bates* when I see occasion for service, but cannot fly, because I am tied to another's fist." Mr. Brae adds, "There can be no doubt that the first branch of the simile is an allusion to the egregious pluming of the helmets of those days, as represented in many an old illumination; and certainly the streaming of an ostrich's plumage, *when struggling against the wind*, presents a much more vivid image than when sailing before it."

19 Here, again, I gladly avail myself of Mr. Brae's learned comments: "Eagles were supposed to renew their youth and vigour by plunging in certain springs. In the *Bestiare* of Philippe de Thaun, the story of the eagles seeking a certain fountain in the East, and, when plunged therein three times, having their youth and vigour renewed, is declared to be typical of baptism." Spenser makes use of the same fable in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 11, where the hero, overcome and desperately wounded in his long fight with the "old Dragon," at last falls back into "a springing well, full of great vertues, and for med'cine good," and lies there all the night. Una, sorely distressed and dismayed at his fall, watches, to see the issue, till morning, when

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenchèd lay;
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay.

Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the Sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry — with his beaver [20] on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd —
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vault it with such ease [21] into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the Sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailèd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste [22] my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry and Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse. —
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

[20] The *beaver* of the helmet was a movable piece, which lifted up to enable the wearer to drink or to breathe more freely. Of course in time of action it was drawn down over the face.

[21] Another instance like that remarked in note 18.

[22] The Poet repeatedly uses to *taste* for to *try*. See vol. v. page 209, note 21.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster[23] speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil'[1] to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.[2]

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused

[23] To *take* a muster is to ascertain the number of troops assembled; as we speak of taking a census.

[1] *Sutton-Co'fil'* is a contracted form of *Sutton-Coalfield.*

[2] This angel was a gold coin, which seems to have borne much the same relation to the English currency in Shakespeare's time, as the sovereign does now.—When Falstaff says "Lay out, lay out," he probably hands Bardolph the bottle,—a piece of plate, perhaps, which he has obtained in much the same way as he reckons upon getting his soldiers supplied with linen for their shirtless backs.

gurnet.[3] I have misused the King's press[4] damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns;[5] such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter,[6] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores;[7] and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:[8] and such have I, to fill up the rooms

[3] The *gurnet* or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

[4] That is, misused the King's commission for *impressing* men into the military service. The King's press, in old times, was just about equivalent to what we have known as Uncle Sam's *draft.*

[5] To ask upon the banns, to ask the banns, and to publish the banns, are all phrases of the same import. The law, I believe, required that parties intending marriage should have the banns asked three times, in as many weeks, before the ceremony could take place. So that when the banns had been asked twice, the "joyful day" was pretty near.

[6] So in Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617: "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts.*" And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

[7] The painted cloth here spoken of is the tapestry with which the walls of rooms used to be lined, and on which it was customary to have short sentences inscribed, and certain incidents of Scripture depicted, so as to combine ornament and instruction. See vol. v. page 64, note 38.

[8] *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*, and was used both for the *stand-*

of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt![9]

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:[10] I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

ard and the *bearer* of it. Falstaff here means an old patched flag.—"Revolted tapsters" are tapsters who have run away from their masters, and who were bound by contract or indenture to serve as apprentices for a term of years. Such is Francis, the "underskinker," in this play.—Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, has an expression like one in the text: "All the *canker-worms* that breed in the rust of *peace*."

9 *Blown* and *quilt* both have reference to Falstaff's plumpness; only the one supposes him to be plump with wind, the other, with cotton.

10 "I ask your pardon." Falstaff is pretending not to have recognized his lordship at first, and so makes an apology.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss;[11] food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, — too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and, for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. [*Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exit.*

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

[11] Good enough to toss upon pikes; a war phrase of the time.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain Horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's Horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,[1]
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge: The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs;[2] and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.[3]
Hot. The King is kind; and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[1] The Poet in several instances uses *quality* in the classical sense of *kind, nature*, or *condition*. — I am not quite clear as to the meaning of *envy* here. Taken in its present sense, it will hardly cohere with the logic implied in *because*. In Shakespeare, the more common meaning of *envy* (substantive) is *malice* or *hatred*. Probably the verb is here used in the sense of to *hate*; as, in theological and political strifes, the very worth of those who are not on our side generally makes us hate them the more; or, which comes to the same thing, makes us disparage their good name.

[2] *Griefs* for *grievances*; the effect for the cause.

[3] The Poet commonly uses *suggestion* for *temptation* or *instigation*.

My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And — when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home —
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And — when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,[4]
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal —
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less[5] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently — as greatness knows itself[6] —
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;

[4] To sue one's livery and to beg one's peace are old law terms, and are here used with strict propriety. On the death of a person who held by the tenure of knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but, if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. At the same time he offered his homage, that being the condition of his tenure; which was to *beg the peaceable* enjoyment of his lands. When Bolingbroke was in exile, his father having died, the King denied him this right, and seized the lands to his own use. See vol. x. page 169, note 27.

[5] That is, the great and the small; men of all ranks.

[6] Meaning when he saw what greatness was within his reach, or knew how great he might be.

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war.[7]
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point:
In short time after, he deposed the King;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd[8] the whole State:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king) to be engaged[9] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the Council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry

[7] Commanding in person in the Irish war.

[8] *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*. The usage, though common, was not strictly correct; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy*. Thus Philips, in his *World of Words*: "*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour *imposed* upon any one."

[9] To be *engaged* is to be *pledged* as a hostage. So in v. 2: "And Westmoreland that was *engaged* did bear it." See page 29, note 15.

Into his title, the which now we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK *and Sir* MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealèd brief [1]
With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal; [2]
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raisèd power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,

[1] A *brief* is a short writing, as a *letter*.
[2] The office of Lord Marshal was hereditary in the Mowbray family. The Lord Marshal at this time was Thomas Mowbray.

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,[3]
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas
And Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

[3] A strength on which they reckoned.

ACT V.

Scene I. — *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter King Henry, *Prince* Henry, Lancaster, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and Sir* John Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky[1] hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —
[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs[2] in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well,

[1] *Bosky* is *woody, bushy.* So in Milton's *Comus:*

> I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every *bosky* bourn from side to side.

[2] The King was at this time but thirty-six years old. But in his development of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect; and he here anticipates several years in the King's life, that he may make Prince Henry old enough for the course of action ascribed to him.

What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorrèd war?
And move in that obedient orb[3] again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours;[4] for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it! why, how comes it, then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet,[5] peace!
Wor. It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us, —
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, —

[3] *Obedient orb* is *orbit* of *obedience*. The Poet often has *orb* for *orbit*.

[4] *Hours* is here a dissyllable.

[5] The meaning of *chewet* is thus explained from Bacon's *Natural History*: "As for *chuets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk."

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, —
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead, —
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-bird,[6]
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing

[6] The cuckoo has a habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home. Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's Pliny, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another birde; and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird. — *Gull* here means "unfledged nestling." So several editors say; still I doubt it, and suspect it has the sense of the Latin *gulo*, a *voracious eater*.

We were enforced, for safety-sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposèd[7] by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things, indeed, you have articulate,[8]
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,[9]
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,[10]
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

7 "We stand opposèd" here means "we stand in opposition to you."

8 *Articulate* is here used in the past tense for *articulated*, as in the passage from Holland's Pliny in the preceding note: "Being once *fledge* and readie to flie abroad." To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

9 *Discontents* for *malcontents*. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4: "To the ports the *discontents* repair."

10 His present rebellion being excepted or struck off from his record.

For my part, — I may speak it to my shame, —
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's Majesty, —
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no;
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and then bring me word
What he will do: but, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt the* King, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,[11] so; 'tis a point of friendship.

[11] In the battle of Agincourt, Prince Henry, then king, did this act of friendship for his brother, the Duke of Gloster.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay Him before His day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, *honour?* air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:[12]—and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal-kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

[12] That is, a mere heraldic *emblazonry*, that can *do* nothing.

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.[1]
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot:
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege, —
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences lie upon my head
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; Officers *and* Soldiers *behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd: deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.[2] — Uncle, what news?
Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, I shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,

[1] "A *wild* trick" is a trick of *wildness*, or of *running wild*, inherited from his ancestors. In fact, the fox, I believe, cannot be so tamed but that he will run wild again on the first opportunity.

[2] The Earl of Westmoreland had been retained by Hotspur in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.

By new-forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth![3] Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?[4] seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[5] of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.[6]

[3] Prince Henry was so surnamed from the town of Monmouth in Wales, where he was born.

[4] *Tasking* was used for *reproof.* We still say "he took him to *task.*"

[5] To *cite* is to quote, allege, or mention any passage or incident.

[6] *Instantly* has here the sense of *at the same time.* — *Master'd* is equivalent to *was master of.*

There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy[7] of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamourèd
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.[8]
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.[9]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.[10]
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

[7] Here, as usually in old English, *envy* means *malice.* — *Owe*, in the next line, is *own.* Continually so in Shakespeare.

[8] "So wild *of* liberty" plainly means *using his freedom so wantonly.*

[9] A rather strange shaping of language, though not more so than many other passages in Shakespeare. It may be translated something thus: "You can better kindle your spirits to the work by thinking with yourselves what is to be done, than my small power of speech can heat your courage up for the fight by any attempts at persuasion."

[10] The meaning is, that if life were vastly shorter than it is, if it were measured by an hour, it were still too long to be spent basely.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperancè!* [11] Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, Heaven to Earth,[12] some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plain between the Camps.*

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,

[11] *Esperancè*, or *Esperanza*, was the motto of the Percy family. *Esperancè* is here a word of four syllables. So in Holinshed: "Then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng S. George upon them, the adversaries cried Esperance, Persie, and so the two armies furiouslie joined."

[12] A wager of Heaven against Earth is probably meant.

This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triúmphèd o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, where're it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The King hath many masking in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.[1] — Soft!

[1] Falstaff has tavern thoughts and customs running in his mind; the mode of an inn-keeper's accounts being to *score* the items either by chalk-marks made upon the wall, or by notches cut in a stick. — There is a pun implied in *shot-free.* Sir John was shot-free at Eastcheap, though not *scot-free:* here he is scot-free, but not exactly *shot*-free. It seems likely, from this passage, that in *scot* the *c* was soft in the Poet's time, so as to give a pro-

who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity![2] I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,[3] to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths as yet are unrevenged: I pr'ythee,
Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory[4] never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city. [*The* PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*

nunciation the same as in *shot.* To pay one's *shot* is to pay one's *score,* that is, *bill* or *reckoning,* at a tavern; and to be *shot-free* is to have one's entertainment *without charge.*

[2] The negative, "*no* vanity," is here used ironically, to indicate the excess of a thing; a frequent usage in colloquial speech.

[3] *The town's end* probably means the poor-house; or perhaps a hospital for war-maimed soldiers.

[4] That is, Pope Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. Fox, in his *Martyrology,* had made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

Prince. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.[5] If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[6] of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, LANCASTER, *and* WESTMORELAND.

King. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I do beseech your Majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze[1] your friends.

King. I will do so. —
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in massacres![2]

[5] "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him," is addressed to the Prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. — It would seem from this, that *pierce* and the first syllable of *Percy* were sounded alike.

[6] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat slashed into stripes for roasting or broiling. A piece of pork is commonly *carbonadoed* on the rind side, to be baked with beans.

[1] *Amaze* is here used in its original sense of to *bewilder* or cast into *a maze*. — *Make up* has the force of *advance*, the opposite of *retire*.

[2] This battle took place in July, 1403, when Prince Henry was but sixteen

Lan. We breathe too long: — come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* LANCASTER *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. By Heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. — What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.[3]

[*They fight; the* King *being in danger, re-enter P.* HENRY.

years old. It appears, however, that, boy as he was, he did the work of a man. Holinshed relates that early in the battle he was hurt in the face with an arrow, insomuch that several tried to withdraw him from the field; but that he, fearing the effect this might have on his men, insisted on staying with them to the last, and never ceased to fight where the battle was hottest.

[3] The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—
[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.
King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;[4]
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.
King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands, six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

[4] *Opinion*, again, for *reputation*. See page 101, note 15.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said,[5] Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life Time's fool,
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.[6] O, I could prophesy,

[5] The phrase *well said* was often used in the sense of *well done.*

[6] This passage has been commonly misunderstood. Probably the right construction is, to take *thoughts*, *life*, and *time* as subjects of *must have.* So that the meaning comes thus: "But thoughts, which are the slaves of life, and life, which is Time's fool, and even Time itself, that takes survey of all the world, must have an end."

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;[7]
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignomy[8] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*Sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd[9] will I see thee by-and-by:

[7] *Favours* refers to the scarf with which he covers Percy's face. Covering the face of a dead person is an old ceremony of reverential tenderness; perhaps connected some way, either as cause or effect, with the ancient belief that the robins were wont to cover the faces of unburied men.

[8] *Ignomy* was a common contraction of *ignominy*.

[9] To *embowel* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done to persons of rank.

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[10] me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. — Zwounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground. —
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.[11] There is Percy!

[10] To *powder* was the old word for to *salt.*

[11] *Jack* was used as a term of contempt, like our *jackanapes.*

[*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zwounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.—

[*A retreat sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and* LANCASTER.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *Prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*

How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him.[1] At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

[1] To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valiantnesse, of the king franklie and freelie delivered.— HOLINSHED.

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business[2] so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Business* is a trisyllable here, as in various other instances.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 11. *Of prisoners, Hotspur took*
Mordake the *Earl of Fife and eldest son*
To beaten Douglas. — The article *the*, needful to the metre, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Pope.

P. 11. Faith, 'tis *a conquest for a prince to boast of.* — So Rann. Instead of *Faith, 'tis*, at the beginning of this speech, the old copies have *In faith it is* at the conclusion of the preceding speech.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 20. *Farewell,* thou *latter Spring.* — The old copies have *the* instead of *thou*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 20. *Falstaff,* Bardolph, Peto, *and Gadshill shall rob those men,* &c. — Instead of *Bardolph* and *Peto*, the old copies have *Harvey* and *Rossill*, which were doubtless the names of the actors who performed those parts. Such substitutions of names are not uncommon in old editions of plays. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 21. *Provide us all things necessary, and meet me* to-night *in Eastcheap.* — So Capell. The old copies read "meet me *to-morrow night*," which can hardly be right, since the Prince is here directing Pointz to provide the things necessary for the part they are to play in the robbery, such as *visards, cases of buckram,* &c.; and the time set for the robbery is "to-morrow *morning*, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill."

P. 22. *By breaking through the foul and ugly mists*
And *vapours that did seem to strangle him.* — The old text has "mists *Of* vapours." Such an expression, I think, was not good English in Shakespeare's time; and we have repeated instances of & misprinted *of*. Dyce prints "mists Of *vapour*."

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 22. *My blood hath been too cold and temperate,*
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
As *you have found me; for, accordingly,* &c. — The old text reads "*And* you have found me." The correction is Lettsom's.

P. 23. *And that same greatness too which our own hands*
Have holp to make so portly.
North. *My* good *lord,* —
King. *Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see*
Danger and disobedience in thine eye. — The old text lacks *good* in Northumberland's speech. The insertion has the joint sanction of Pope, Walker, and Collier's second folio.

P. 24. *Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,*
Fresh as a bridegroom. — So Pope. The old copies read "neat *and* trimly dress'd."

P. 24. *I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,*
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, &c. — So Capell. The old text transposes the second and third lines. The correction was proposed by Edwards and Johnson.

P. 24. *He should, or he should not;* for't *made me mad*
To see him shine so brisk, &c. — The old text reads "for *he* made me mad."

P. 26. *Shall we buy treason? and indent with* fears? — Hanmer and Collier's second folio read "indent with *foes,*" and rightly, I suspect. It is indeed certain that *fears* was often put for things or persons feared; still I am apt to think that *foes* agrees better with the context here. Staunton prints *feers,* an old word for *companion* or *mate.* I cannot see what business such a word should have here. See foot-note 9.

P. 27. *Art not ashamed? But, sirrah,* from *henceforth*
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer. — The old copies read "Art *thou* not asham'd," and lack *from,* thus totally defeating the

rhythm of the line. Lettsom would strike out *thou*, and take *henceforth* as a trisyllable. But I think the Poet nowhere else uses it so. On the other hand, in the first speech of this scene we have "I will *from* henceforth rather be myself."

P. 28. *Was he not proclaim'd*
By Richard that is dead *the next of blood?* — The old text has "By Richard that *dead is*," — a very awkward inversion. Walker's correction.

P. 30. *And to your quick-conceiving* discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous. — So Walker. The old text has *discontents;* which would be in accordance with the usage of the time in addressing more than one person. But this is addressed to Hotspur only.

P. 30. *If* we *fall in, good night, or sink or swim!* — The old copies read "If *he* fall in." Theobald proposed and Hanmer printed *we*. Heath, also, strongly approves that reading, as nothing precedes to which the pronoun *he* can refer.

P. 31. *Why, what a wasp*-stung *and impatient fool*
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood. — So the first quarto. The other old copies have *waspe-tongue* and *waspe-tongu'd*. The meaning of *wasp-stung* I take to be, "as fretful and snappish as if stung by wasps"; which aptly describes Hotspur's behaviour. *Wasp-tongue* or *wasp-tongued* would seem to mean that his speech is *waspish*, or as *stinging* and *spiteful* as a wasp; which does not suit the occasion so well, though a good sense in itself.

Act II., Scene I.

P. 36. *There is ne'er a king* in Christendom *could be better bit than*, &c. — So the folio. The quartos "ne'er a king *christen* could be," &c.

P. 38. *But with nobility and* tranquillity, *burgomasters and great* oneyers; *such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray.* — For *tranquillity* and *great oneyers* Collier's second folio substitutes *sanguinity* and "*great ones — yes*, such as can," &c. By *tranquillity* I have always understood *persons of leisure*, or "at

their ease," as Capell explains it; and I do not see how *sanguinity* gives any clearer or better sense. "Great oneyers," I take it, are simply what are sometimes called "big bugs"; — "a cant variation of *great ones*," says Johnson. Perhaps I ought to add that Theobald substituted "great *moneyers*"; Hanmer, "great *owners*"; and Capell, "great *mynheers*."

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 42. Pointz. *O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.*
Bard. *What news?*
Gads. *Case ye, case ye; on with your visards*, &c. — The old copies run the first two of these speeches together into one, thus: "O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: *Bardolfe*, what newes?" Here the prefix *Bardolfe* evidently got printed as a part of the speech. And in the third speech, instead of the prefix *Gads.*, the old copies have *Bar.* The present arrangement and distribution of the speeches are Johnson's.

P. 44. *Away, good Ned.* Fat *Falstaff sweats to death,*
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. — So Capell. The old text lacks *Fat*, which is needed both for the metre and for the antithesis with *lean*. In case of two or more successive words beginning with the same letters, one of them is very apt to drop out.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 46. *Of prisoners* ransom'd, *and of soldiers slain.* — The old copies have "prisoners *ransome*." Capell proposed the correction; and Walker points out many clear instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.

P. 47. *Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,*
And thou hast *so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep*, &c. — Instead of *thou hast*, the old copies have *thus hath*. The correction was proposed by Capell; and Walker says, "Read '*And thou hast*,' &c." He seems not to have been aware of Capell's conjecture.

P. 48. *Come, come, you paraquito, answer me*
Directly to *this question that I ask.* — The old copies read "Directly *unto* this question." Hardly worth noting, perhaps.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 49. *Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that* fat *room*, &c. — None of the commentators, so far as I know, have satisfactorily explained "*fat* room." I have hardly any doubt we ought to read "*hot* room." So, in the last scene of *Hamlet*, we have "He's *fat*, and scant of breath"; where I am quite satisfied that *hot* is the right word. See foot-note 2.

P. 54. *He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots* at a *breakfast, washes his hands*, &c. — Here "*at a* breakfast" apparently means "*before* breakfast." Dyce says, "An anonymous critic proposes *after*." I suspect the anonymous proposer is right; as "*after* breakfast" would accord better with the words, "how many hast thou kill'd *to-day?*"

P. 54. *Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted* butter, *that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun.* — The old copies repeat *Titan* instead of *butter;* a palpable error, which, however, Staunton retains. Theobald made the correction.

P. 58. *Thou* nott-*pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-*keech. — The old copies have "*knotty*-pated" and "tallow *catch*." The first was corrected by Douce, and the correction is justified by a previous speech in this scene: "Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal button, *nott-pated*, agate-ring," &c. As to *catch*, this was probably but another spelling of *keech*. See foot-note 28.

P. 59. *Away, you starveling, you* eel-*skin.* — So Hanmer. The old text has "*elfe*-skin."

P. 59. *We two saw you four set on four;* you *bound them*, &c. — The old copies read "*and* bound them." Corrected by Pope.

P. 64. *For God's sake, lords, convey my* tristful *Queen.* — The old editions have "*trustful* Queene"; an error which the context easily rectifies.

P. 65. *Banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company.* — I suspect, with Dyce, that Pope was right in rejecting the last six words "as an accidental repetition." To my thinking, the sense is much better every way, without them.

P. 68. *Thou art essentially* mad, *without seeming so.* — All the old copies till the third folio have *made* instead of *mad.*

P. 69. *Now, my masters, for a true face and* a *good conscience.* — The last *a* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied in Collier's second folio.

P. 70. Pointz. *Falstaff! — fast asleep behind the arras,* &c. — Here, and in the dialogue that follows about Falstaff, the old copies have *Peto* instead of *Pointz.* This is clearly wrong, as Pointz is in the Prince's confidence, and Peto is not. And the fact of Pointz having acted with the Prince in the robbery business is conclusive that his name is the right one here. We have the same mistake again near the close of the third Act: "Go, *Pointz,* to horse, to horse." The correction was made by Johnson, who justly remarks, "What had Peto done, to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Pointz has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage."

Act III., Scene I.

P. 71. *Lord Mortimer, — and cousin Glendower, — will you sit down? — and uncle Worcester, — a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.* — This and the three following speeches of Hotspur I have no scruple in printing as prose. In the folio, two of them, the first and the fourth, are indeed printed as verse; and some modern editions give them all in that shape; but, even after using hardly warrantable liberties with the text, they make them verse only to the eye. For example, Dyce, in the second speech, changes *oft* to *often,* and, in the third, "had *but* kitten'd" to "had kitten'd," and *never* to *ne'er;* — a pretty bold proceeding at the best, while the result is far from satisfying on the score of metrical harmony.

P. 72. *The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,*
Of burning cressets; ay, *and at my birth*
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth, &c. — So Capell.
The old copies are without *ay* in the second line. Glendower, throughout this scene, is careful of his rhythm and numbers; and I can hardly think the Poet meant to spot him with so gross a breach in that kind.

P. 73. *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*
Were strangely clamorous in *the frighted fields.* — So Pope.

The old text has "clamorous *to* the frighted fields." I do not understand the meaning of *to* here.

P. 73. *How* 'scaped *he agues, in the Devil's name?* — The old copies have *scapes* instead of *'scaped.* Corrected in Collier's second folio. I am not quite sure that the correction ought to pass.

P. 74. *And in my conduct shall your ladies come;*
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
Or *there will be a world of water shed*
Upon the parting of your wives and you. — So Walker, and, I think, with evident propriety. The old text has *For* instead of *Or.* Walker produces several clear instances of the same misprint; as in *Antony and Cleopatra,* ii. 7: "These quicksands, Lepidus, keep off them, *for* you sink."

P. 75. *And then he* runneth *straight and* evenly. — The old copies have "And then he *runnes* straight and *even.*" Capell printed "runs *straightly* and *evenly,*" and is followed by Dyce. Collier's second folio reads "runs *all* straight and *evenly.*"

P. 76. *I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land*
To any well-deserving friend. — An octo-syllabic line seems quite out of place here. Hanmer, to cure the defect, printed "*As that* to any well-deserving friend"; which, to my sense, is a worse defect than the old one of metre. Walker suggests "To any *worthy,* well-deserving friend"; but queries, as he well may, whether this would not be a tautology. Still it is much better than Hanmer's. If I were to venture any supplementing of the verse, it would be *noble* or *honest.*

P. 76. *The Moon shines fair; you may away to-night:*
I'll in *and haste the writer, and withal*
Break with your wives, &c. — The words *I'll in,* which are needful both for sense and metre, are wanting in the old copies, and were proposed by Steevens.

P. 77. *He held me last night at* the *least nine hours*
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lacqueys: I cried hum, *and* well,
But mark'd him not a word. — In the first of these lines the old text is without *the,* and to the third it adds *go to,* which Pope struck

out. Ritson comments upon the addition thus: "These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the metre."

P. 77. *O, he's as tedious*
As is *a tirèd horse, a railing wife.* — So Capell. The old copies lack *is* in the second line; an omission not to be endured.

P. 77. *In faith, my lord, you are too wilful*-blunt. — The old text has "too wilfull *blame*." Walker says, "Of course, 'too wilful-*blunt*'; and so Johnson suggests." Dyce, however, retains *blame*, and refers to Nares, who shows that the phrase *to blame* is a corruption of *too blame*, which formerly meant *too blamable* or *blameworthy*. But it seems to me that the phrase, even so explained, does not yield a fitting sense here.

P. 78. *Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy*
Shall follow in my cònduct speedily. — The old text mars the rhythm by thrusting in the useless word *that* between *her* and *she*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 79. *One no persuasion can do good upon.* — Here, again, the metre is spoilt in the old copies by inserting *that* after *One*.

P. 79. *I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh*
Which thou pour'st down from those two *swelling heavens*
I am too perfect in. — So Pope and Lettsom. The old copies read "*these* swelling heavens." The omission of *two* untunes the verse utterly. Pope's reading gives just the sense required, meaning, of course, the lady's *sky-blue* eyes, which seem to grow larger when brightened with tears.

P. 79. *Nay, if you melt, then she will run* quite *mad.* — Here *quite* is wanting in the old text. Dyce says, "This addition occurred to me before I knew that Capell had inserted it."

P. 80. An *those musicians that shall play to you*
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
Yet *straight they shall be here.* — Instead of *An* and *Yet*, at the beginning of the first and third lines, the old copies have *And* in both places. But *an*, the old equivalent of *if*, was very often printed *and;* and here the word probably got repeated from the first line in the place of *Yet*. The latter word was substituted by Rowe.

P. 81. *Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife!* Not *mine*, in good sooth; *and*, As true as I live; &c. — The old copies have *you* instead of *mine;* the former having probably crept in by mistake from the line before. Collier's second folio changes *you* into *yours*, and Lettsom would substitute *I*. But, as Hotspur is repeating his wife's oathlets, it appears to me that *mine* is the right word.

P. 81. *Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow*
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.
Mort. *With all my heart.* — The Poet often closes a scene with one or more rhyming couplets. So I strongly suspect we ought to read here with Collier's second folio:

By this our book is drawn: we'll seal, and *part*
To horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 82. *Such poor, such* base, *such lewd, such mean attempts.* — The old copies have *bare* instead of *base*. The two words were often confounded. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 83. *As, in reproof of many tales devised*
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers, —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear. — The old text has the second and third of these lines transposed. The correction was proposed by Keightley.

P. 85. Carded *his state,*
Mingled his royalty with capering *fools.* — So the first quarto. The other old copies have *carping* instead of *capering*. For "*carded his* state" Collier's second folio substitutes "*discarded* state," and is followed by White; very unadvisedly, I think. *Carded*, taken as the word was often used, gives a very fitting sense, namely, "mixed, and debased by mixing." So in Bishop Andrewes' Sermons, quoted by Mr. Arrowsmith: "And these — for that by themselves they will not utter — to *mingle* and to *card* with the Apostles' doctrine." See footnote 13.

P. 87. *Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas,* and *Mortimer*
Capitulate against us, and are up. — The old text omits *and* in the first of these lines. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 87. *When I will wear a garment all of blood,*
And stain my favour *in a bloody mask.* — So Hanmer and Warburton. The old text has *favours.* The context shows that the Prince means his own *face* or *countenance,* and the plural can hardly give that sense.

P. 88. *This, in the name of God, I promise here:*
The which if I perform, and do survive. — So the folio. The quartos read "The which if *he be pleas'd* I *shall* performe."

P. 88. *How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.*
Blunt. *So* is *the business that I come to speak of.* — The old copies read "So *hath* the business." A very palpable error.

P. 89. *On Wednesday next* you, Harry, *shall set forward;*
On Thursday we ourselves will march. — The old text reads "On Wednesday next, *Harry, you* shall set forward."

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 97. *Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,*
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. —
Go, Pointz, *to horse, to horse; for thou and I*
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time. —
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the *Temple-hall*
At two o'clock in th' afternoon. — In the second of these lines, the old copies have "*To* my brother John"; in the third, "Go, *Peto,* to horse"; in the fourth, "to ride *yet* ere dinner-time"; and in the fifth, "*Jack,* meet me to-morrow *in the* Temple-hall." Yet they print the whole speech as verse. Some modern editors print the whole as prose; and I have been rather slow in coming to the conclusion that they are wrong in doing so. In truth, without the several changes I have noted, the speech is neither fairly verse nor fairly prose, but an awkward and hobbling mixture of the two. Withal, it is quite certain that *Peto* should be *Pointz.* See the last of these notes on the second Act, page 140.

Act IV., Scene I.

P. 99. *His letters bear his mind, not I, my* lord.—The first two quartos have "not I my *mind*"; the other old copies, "not I *his mind*." Corrected by Capell.

P. 99. *He writes me here, that inward sickness—*
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn.—The first of these lines is manifestly incomplete both in sense and in metre; and I suspect it was purposely left so, as a casual note of Hotspur's impatience and perturbation of mind. Capell, however, printed "that inward sickness *holds him*." If I were to make any change, it would be "that inward sickness,—*and*—And," &c.

P. 100. *Where now remains a sweet reversion;*
And *we may boldly spend upon the hope*
Of what is to come in.—So Capell. The old copies are without *And* in the second line. "That this speech is mutilated, there can be little doubt," says Dyce.

P. 101. *That shows the ignorant a kind of fear*
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. Nay, *you strain too far.*—The old text is without *Nay;* and possibly the verse was not meant to be complete. Capell reads "*Come,* you strain too far."

P. 101. *There is not such a word*
Spoken *in Scotland as this term of fear.*—Instead of *Spoken,* the old text has *Spoke of.* The correction is Lettsom's. I question whether it was ever English to use *spoke of* as an equivalent for *spoken.*

P. 101. *The King himself in person is set forth,*
Or hitherwards intendeth *speedily.*—So Collier's second folio. The old text has *intended.* An easy misprint.

P. 102. *And his comrades, that* daff *the world aside,*
And bid it pass.—So Dyce; and notes upon the text as follows: "Here *daft* of the old editions is a present tense, merely a corrupt spelling of *doff.*—Formerly, to words ending with *f* it was not unusual to add a *t.*"

P. 102. *All plumed like estridges that with the wind*
Bate it; *like eagles having lately bathed.* — So the old copies, except that they have *Bated* instead of *Bate it*, and lack the (;) after *Bated.* The change was lately proposed by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, and is fully justified from the conditions of the passage, and by ancient usage. — Rowe printed "like estridges that *wing* the wind; Bated like eagles;" &c.; and is followed by several editors, Staunton, White, and Dyce among them; in deference to whom I once gave up the old reading: but I now return to it in full confidence under the better advice of Mr. A. E. Brae, who justly notes it as "perfectly legitimate" to take *bated with* as equivalent to *struggled against.* The only difficulty I can see in the text arises from the circumstance of the verb being in the past tense, where it should properly be in the present, *bate.* But this, I think, is fairly obviated by reading *bate it.* See foot-note 18.

P. 103. *I saw young Harry — with his beaver on —*
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vault it *with such ease into his seat,* &c. — The old text has *vaulted;* an instance something like that remarked in the preceding note; where *vault* would obviously be more proper. For the sake of grammatical accuracy, Capell printed "And *vault* with such *an* ease." The reading in the text was suggested by Malone, but occurred to me independently.

P. 103. *Harry* and *Harry shall, hot horse to horse,*
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse. — The old copies read "Harry *to* Harry shall." To speak of one person as meeting *to* another, is not English, and, I think, never was. The correction is Lettsom's.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 104. *We'll to Sutton*-Co'fil' *to-night.* — So the Cambridge Editors and Dyce, who are doubtless well-booked in the particulars of English geography and nomenclature. The old text has "Sutton-*cophill.*" See foot-note 1.

P. 105. *I* press'd *me none but good householders, yeomen's sons,* inquired *me out,* &c. — Instead of *press'd* and *inquired,* the old text has *presse* and *inquire.* But the context leaves no doubt that those verbs should be in the past tense.

P. 105. *Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs* lick *his sores.* — The old copies have *licked.*

P. 106. *There's* but *a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins,* &c. — The old copies read "There's *not* a shirt and a half." *But* and *not* were often misprinted for each other: still I am not sure but the change meddles too much with Falstaff's idiom.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 108. *You speak it out of fear and cold heart.* — We have here an unpleasant breach of prosody, or what seems such. White, however, takes *fear* as a dissyllable. Pope printed "out of fear, and *from* cold heart." Collier's second folio has "fear and *a* cold heart." I think it would not be un-Shakespearian to read "fear and cold *of* heart."

P. 108. *I hold as little counsel with weak fear*
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives. — So Pope. The old text reads "any Scot that *this day* lives." It is hardly credible that the Poet would have thus damaged his verse and weakened his sense at the same time.

P. 108. *That not a horse is half the half himself.* — So Steevens. The old copies have "half the half of himself"; which Pope changed to "half half of himself."

P. 110. *To sue his livery and beg his peace,*
With tears of innocence *and terms of zeal.* — The old text has *innocency.* The two forms were often confounded.

P. 112. *And withal to pry*
Into his title, the which now *we find*
Too indirect for long continuance. — So Dyce. The old copies are without *now* in the second of these lines. Of course the word has been inserted, to repair the metre; yet it can hardly be said to make the line rhythmical.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 115. *You have not sought it!* why, *how comes it, then?* — The old text is without *why.* The gap thus left in the verse has sometimes been filled up with *well.* I think *why* accords better with the tone of the speech.

P. 116. *And, being fed by us, you used us so*
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-*bird,*
Useth the sparrow. — So Walker. The old text has "*Cuckowes* Bird."

P. 118. *So tell your cousin, and* then *bring me word*
What he will do. — So Capell. The old copies lack *then.*

P. 119. *What is honour? a word. What is that word* honour? *air.* — So the folio. The first three quartos read "What is *in* that word, honour? *What is that honour?* Air."

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 119. Suspicion *all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes.* — The old copies have *Supposition.* Corrected by Rowe. As Alexandrines are rare in this play, much effort has been made, to get rid of two syllables here.

P. 120. *All his offences* lie *upon my head*
And on his father's. — The old text has *live* instead of *lie.* The two words were often confounded, as Walker abundantly shows.

P. 120. *Marry,* I *shall, and very willingly.* — So Pope. The old copies read "Marry *and* shall."

P. 121. *Which he mended thus,*
By new-*forswearing that he is forsworn.* — The old text has "By *now* forswearing." Corrected by Walker; who produces many like instances of *new* and *now* confounded.

P. 122. *Cousin, I think thou art enamourèd*
Upon *his follies: never did I hear*
Of any prince so wild o' *liberty.* — In the second line, the old copies have *On* instead of *Upon.* In the third line, the quartos have "wilde *a* liberty," the folio, "wilde *at* liberty." We find almost numberless instances of *a* printed for *o'*. "Wild *of* liberty" means "wild *in respect of* liberty," — a frequent usage. Dyce, following Capell, prints "so wild a *libertine*," which seems to me rather strange.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 123. *What is thy name, that in* the *battle thus*
Thou crossest me? — So Hamner. The old copies omit *the*.

P. 124. *A fool go with thy soul* where're *it goes.* — So Capell. The old copies have "*whither* it goes." Both sense and metre favour the change.

P. 124. *The King hath many* masking *in his coats.* — The old text has *marching* instead of *masking*, which is from Collier's second folio; a very happy correction.

P. 125. *There's* but *three of my hundred and fifty left alive.* — Here, again, the old copies have *not* instead of *but*. See note on "There's *but* a shirt and a half," &c., page 147.

P. 125. *Whose deaths* as yet are *unrevenged: I pr'ythee*
Lend me thy sword. — Instead of *as yet are*, the old copies have *are yet*, and *are*. Corrected by Dyce.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 126. *I* do *beseech your Majesty, make up.* — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old copies omit *do*.

P. 128. *The spirits*
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm. — The old text has "are in my *armes*." Pope reduced the line from an Alexandrine to a regular verse by omitting *valiant*.

P. 129. *They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:*
But thoughts *the* slaves *of life, and life Time's fool,*
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. — So the first quarto. The other old copies have "But *thought's* the *slave* of Life." Lettsom notes upon the passage thus: "The readings of the second quarto are sophistications by one who did not see that *thoughts* as well as *time* were nominative cases before *must have*, and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb." — I suspect we ought to read *thought* and *slave* instead of *thoughts* and *slaves*. — See foot-note 6.

P. 131. *I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding*
Upon *the ground.* — Here, again, the old text has *On* instead of *upon,* which is Capell's reading.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 133. Since *not to be avoided* it *falls on me.* — I suspect we ought to read, with Collier's second folio, "*Which* not to be avoided falls on me."

P. 134. *Even in the bosom of our adversaries.* — After this line, the first four quartos put the following speech into the mouth of Lancaster:

I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

This comes pretty near being absurd; for it makes the Prince say he will *give away the courtesy.*

KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales,
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, } his Sons.

EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
GOWER, HARCOURT, } of the King's Party.

Sir WILLIAM GASCOIGNE, Lord Chief Justice.

A Gentleman attending on him.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERL'D,
SCROOP, Archbp. of York,
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
Sir JOHN COLEVILLE, } against the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.

POINTZ and PETO.

SHALLOW and SILENCE.

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW,
WART, FEEBLE, and
BULLCALF, } Recruits.

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

A Porter. A Dancer.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Ladies, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE.—*England.*

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues.*[1]

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

[1] Such was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the Poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin

I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of Earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,[2]
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what[3] need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

coat *full of winged tongues.* Students of Latin will at once recognize the substantial likeness, not to say identity, of Shakespeare's Rumour and Virgil's Fama; one side of whose nature is choicely described in the following from Bacon's *Essay of Fame:* "The poets make Fame a monster: they describe her in part finely and elegantly, and in part gravely and sententiously; they say, Look, how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath, so many tongues, so many voices, she pricks up so many ears."

[2] The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe.

[3] *What* occurs very often, as here, with the exact force of the interrogative *why.*

To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his annointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,[4]
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.[5]
[*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Same.*

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

Enter Porter, *above.*

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:

[4] Warkworth Castle, the residence of Northumberland.

[5] Here *wrongs* evidently means *harms, hurts, disasters*, or *discomforts*; as "*true* wrongs" stands in full antithesis to "comforts *false*." And *wrong* has the same radical sense as *wring* and *wrest*, all being from the same root. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1: "Cæsar did never *wrong* but with *just cause*, nor without cause will he be satisfied."

Please it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.
L. Bard. Here comes the earl.
[*Exit* Porter *above.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:[1]
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will!
L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn,[2] the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,

[1] *Stratagem* for *dreadful event* or *calamity.* So in *3 Henry VI.*, ii. 5: "What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly, this deadly quarrel daily doth beget!"

[2] Prince Henry was surnamed Monmouth from the town of that name in Wales, where he was born. — *Brawn,* here, is *roll of flesh.* See page 54, note 16.

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
  North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
  L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

  North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
  Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent[3] with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armèd heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,[4]
Staying no longer question.
  North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?
  L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,

[3] *Forspent* is *spent utterly;* the prepositive *for* being here intensive.
[4] So in Job: "He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage."

Upon mine honour, for a silken point[5]
I'll give my barony: ne'er talk of it.
North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give, then, such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow,[6] that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,[7]
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.[8] —
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain[9] in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, *Your son did thus and thus;*

[5] A *silken point* is a *tagged lace.* See page 58, note 26.

[6] *Hilding* was a term of contempt for a vile, cowardly person.

[7] Alluding to the title-pages of elegies, which were printed all black.

[8] An attestation of its ravage. *Usurpation* very much in the sense of *encroachment;* invading another's rights.

[9] That is, *withdrew* the curtain, or drew it *aside.*

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with *Brother, son, and all are dead.*
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son, —
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chancèd. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain,
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear[10] or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,[11]

[10] *Fear* for *danger*, or the thing feared, or that should be feared.

[11] *Sullen*, here, is *gloomy* or *dismal*. Often so. — The allusion is to what was called the *passing*-bell; it being an old custom in England to give notice, by the tolling of a bell, when any one was in the agonies of death, that those who heard it might offer up their prayers in behalf of the dying person. So Sir Thomas Browne, in *Religio Medici*, 1643: "I never hear the *toll of a passing-bell*, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit."

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance,[12] wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death — whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp —
Being bruited[13] once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fly not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
Gan vail his stomach,[14] and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,

[12] *Quittance* is *requital* or *return.* A feeble return of *blows* is the meaning. The Poet has *quittance* repeatedly so.

[13] *Bruited* is *noised abroad* or *reported.*

[14] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. To *vail* is to *lower*, to cast down. — *Stomach* was often used for *courage*, and sometimes for *pride.*

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle[15] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs.
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,[16]
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice[17] crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif![18]
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd[19] with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st[20] hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

[15] To *buckle* is to *bend;* as in our American phrase, "buckle down to it." The word is used as a transitive verb in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning:* "Reason doth *buckle* and bow the mind to the nature of things."

[16] *Grief,* in the latter part of this line, is used in its present sense, for *sorrow;* in the former part, for *bodily pain.*

[17] *Nice* is here used in the sense of *effeminate, delicate, tender.*

[18] *Sickly quoif* is *cap* or *hood* worn in *sickness.* The word occurs again in *The Winter's Tale,* iv. 3: "Golden *quoifs* and stomachers."

[19] *Flesh'd* is *elated* or *made exultant; flushed.* See vol. x. page 90, note 5.

[20] Both *ragged* and *rugged* were sometimes used for *rough.*

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strainèd passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet[21] earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presurmise
That, in the dole[22] of blows, your son might drop;
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable[23]
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade[24] of danger ranged:
Yet did you say, *Go forth;* and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action:[25] what hath, then, befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

21 The old poets apply *sweet* to persons precisely as we do *dear.*

22 *Dole* is a *dealing* or *distribution.* So the Poet has "*dole* of honour."

23 *Advised* is the same as *knew,* or *were aware.* — *Capable* is *susceptible.* — To "walk o'er perils on an edge" is to cross a deep ravine or chasm on the edge of a plank, or something as narrow as that. So in the First Part, i. 3: "As full of peril as to o'er-walk a current roaring loud on the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

24 *Trade* for *resort* or *concourse.* See vol. x. page 203, note 14.

25 *Stiff-borne* is *obstinately maintained.* So the Bible has *stiff-necked* for *obstinate.*

L. Bard. We all that are engagèd to[26] this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect[27] of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.
Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed[28] powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse',[29]
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness,[30] constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that[31] their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood[32]
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause;

26 Such was the common phraseology of the time. See page 86, note 19.

27 Here, as often, *respect* is *consideration* or *regard.*

28 *Well-appointed* is well-*equipped*, well-*furnished.* Often so.

29 Here, again, *corpse'* is a contraction for *corpses.* See page 10, note 10.

30 *Queasiness* is *squeamishness*, *disgust*, or *nausea.*

31 *That* for *so that*, or *insomuch that;* a very frequent usage.

32 Augments or strengthens the insurrection by carrying about the blood of King Richard, to which the people flock as a hallowed relic.

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,[33]
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less[34] do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Street.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?[1]

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed[2] it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird[3] at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If

[33] That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. See page 118, note 11.

[34] *More* and *less* is *great* and *small;* that is, *all ranks* of people.

[1] One of the old medical quackeries was, to make a diagnosis by inspecting the patient's urine, and instruments called urinals were in common use for that purpose. The practice is often alluded to by old writers.

[2] *Owed* for *owned,* as usual. See vol. vii. page 34, note 90.

[3] Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride,* meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.

the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate[4] till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal,[5] the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall[6] get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal! God may finish it when He will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it;[7] and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?[8]

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd, like the glutton! pray God his

[4] The words *mandrake* and *agate* refer to the small size of the Page. The *mandrake* is an herb of narcotic qualities, which, being forked in the root, was said to resemble a human creature, and to utter a cry when pulled up from the earth. *Agates* were often cut into images, to be worn in rings and brooches, and thence came to be used metaphorically for diminutive persons. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio describes Queen Mab to be "no bigger than an *agate-stone* on the forefinger of an alderman."

[5] *Juvenal* for a *youth;* so used repeatedly by Shakespeare, and very often by Chaucer.

[6] This well illustrates the old indiscriminate use of *shall* and *will.* Here, according to the present idiom, the two should change places.

[7] Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal;* that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

[8] *Slops* is *large trousers* or *breeches.* See vol. iv. page 202, note 6.

tongue be hotter![9] A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave![10] to bear a gentleman in hand,[11] and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking-up,[12] then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I look'd 'a should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.[13] Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,[14] and he'll buy me a horse

[9] Alluding, evidently, to the parable of Dives and Lazarus: "That he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

[10] Meaning, apparently, a tradesman who says, "Yes, indeed," when asked if he will sell goods on credit, so as to encourage the purchase, and then snap the purchaser.

[11] To *bear in hand* is to wheedle with false expectations. See vol iv. page 228, note 20.

[12] That is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit.

[13] A note-worthy string of punning metaphors, turning on the different senses of *horn*. *Lanterns* used to be made partly of horn. Of allusions to the horns of a dishonoured husband, we have more than enough.

[14] In the olden time St. Paul's Cathedral was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Tradesmen and masterless serving men also set up their advertisements there: and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy:* "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."

in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close;[15] I will not see him.

Enter the Chief-Justice *and an* Attendant.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your

[15] *Close* is *secret.* Falstaff means, "Hold still, and pretend ignorance."

soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter:[16] hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is returned with some discomfort[17] from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

[16] To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent.

[17] That is, returned *somewhat discomfited.* A rather euphemistic phrase for *defeated.* What with Glendower's ability and what with the malice of the elements, the King's army had been utterly routed. But he ascribed his defeat to the Welshman's magic arts and incantations.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels[18] would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.[19]

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

18 To punish a man by the heels is, I take it, to set him in the stocks, as Kent is punished in *King Lear*, ii. 2. Lord Campbell, however, says that "to *lay by the heels* was the technical expression for committing to prison." But I doubt whether such be the meaning here. It is "*punish* by the heels"; and *stocking* is one form of imprisonment. The matter is well shown in the case of Leonard Fairfield, in Lord Lytton's *My Novel*.

19 The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord, —

Ch. Just. But, since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle,[20] my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;[21] but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.[22]

[20] A *wassail candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a quibble upon *wax;* referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb to *wax.*

[21] Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *angel,* which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. See vol. iii. page 156, note 7.

[22] *Cannot go* refers to the *passing* of money; *cannot tell,* to the *counting* or *telling* of it. — "In some *respects*" here means for some *cause, reason,* or *consideration.*

Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger[23] times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: pregnancy[24] is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls:[25] and we that are in the vaward of our youth,[26] I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single,[27] and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear

23 *Costard* was the old name for an apple: a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-pedler*. Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering*.

24 *Pregnancy* is fulness of wit and invention.

25 You look with bilious asperity upon our warm blood; the "hot temper," that "leaps o'er a cold decree."

26 *Vaward* is an old word for *vanguard*. People in the *vaward* of their youth, I suppose, are people *just passing out of* their youth.

27 *Single* is *simple, feeble*. *Single-witted* and *single-souled* were common epithets, to designate *simple persons*. The Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double*, just before.

that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.[28] There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?[29]

[28] I am not clear as to what Sir John means by invoking upon himself the evil of "never spitting white again." The natural explanation is, that drinking deep of his favourite beverage had or was supposed to have that effect. And such, I believe, is the fact. Heating drinks are apt to render the mouth frothy. And perhaps the humour lies in taking an unpleasant effect of a pleasant indulgence.

[29] The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says,

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.[30] Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt* Chief-Justice *and* Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.[31] — A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the diseases prevent[32] my curses. — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] — A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension

"Will your lordship let me have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while."

30 The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." *Crosses* were *pieces of money*. See vol. v. page 37, note 1.

31 This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then, the toad being put on one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles.

32 *Prevent* in its old sense of *anticipate* or *precede*. See vol. iii. page 116, note 17.

shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*York. A Room in the* Archbishop's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop, *the Lords* HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?
Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance o' the King.
Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies lie largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensèd fire of injuries.[1]
L. Bard. The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.
Hast. With him, we may.
L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But, if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,

[1] "An incensed fire of injuries" is a fire *kindled by* wrongs.

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined[2] himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller[3] than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war:
Indeed, the instant[4] act and cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices,[5] or at last desist

[2] To *line* is to *strengthen*, as lining strengthens a garment. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so. See page 48, note 10.

[3] That is, which *turned out to be* much smaller.

[4] *Instant* is here used in the sense of the Latin *instans*,—*pressing* or *impending*.—"Yes," says his lordship, "it has done hurt to proceed upon mere likelihoods and forms of hope in this business or occupation of war." He then goes on reasoning very soberly and justly from the recent case of Hotspur, and applies the lesson of that miscarriage to the action now pressing upon them.

[5] In the old English castles and palaces, certain *rooms* or *apartments* were called *offices*.

To build at all? Much more, in this great work, —
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up, — should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
And weigh against his opposite;[6] or else
We fortify on paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish Winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes — yet likely of fair birth —
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What, is the King but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,[7]
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers sound

[6] *His* refers, apparently, to *estate*. The sense is somewhat obscure, but may be given thus: "We should know how able our estate is to meet, or balance, the outlay that assails or threatens it." The use of *his* for *its* has been repeatedly noted, and occurs several times in the preceding scene; as, "I have read the cause of *his* effects," and, "should have *his* effect of gravity."

[7] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in aid of Owen Glendower.

With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,
They baying him at the heels: never fear that.
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster[8] and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,

[8] This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually Duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first Parliament of King Henry IV., says, " His *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster."

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admirèd heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter the Hostess, Fang *and his* Boy *with her, and* Snare *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you enter'd the exion?[1]

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman?[2] Is't a lusty yeoman? will 'a stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, 'a

[1] *Exion* is a Quicklyism for *action*, that is *prosecution.*

[2] A bailiff's follower was formerly called a sergeant's *yeoman.*

cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin[3] like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an 'a come but within my vice,[4] —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good Master Fang, hold him sure; — good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head[5] in Lumbert-street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose[6] knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, *the* Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

[3] *Foin* is an old word for *thrust.* The Poet has it repeatedly.

[4] *Vice* is used for *grasp* or *clutch.* The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the West of England.

[5] *Lubber* is Mrs. Quickly's version of *libbard*, which is the old form of *leopard.* The pictured heads of various animals were used as signs; as the libbard's by Master Smooth, and the boar's by Mrs. Quickly.

[6] The epithet *malmsey-nose* is probably given to Bardolph because his nose had the colour of malmsey wine.

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.[7]

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! — Murder, murder! — O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.[8]

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. — Thou woo't, woo't thou? thou woo't, woo't thou?[9] do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief-Justice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York. —
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

[7] *Channel* here means *kennel*, that is, *ditch* or *gutter*. So in *3 King Henry VI.*, ii. 2: "As if a *channel* should be call'd the sea." Also in *Lucrece:* "Here friend by friend in bloody *channel* lies." See, also, vol. viii. page 211, note 10.

[8] To *quell* meant to *kill;* so that *man-queller* is *manslayer* or *murderer*. — *Honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are Quicklyisms for *homicidal* and *homicide;* as *indited* and *bastardly* are for *invited* and *dastardly*.

[9] *Woo't* is an old colloquialism for *wilt*. So in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "*Woo't* weep? *woo't* fight? *woo't fast?*" &c.

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, — all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: — but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare,[10] if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt[11] goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, — thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou

[10] The gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged, *mare.* The hostess means the *nightmare;* but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.

[11] *Parcel-gilt* is *partly gilt,* or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth,* describing a bride-cup, says, "It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel-gilt.*"

not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath:[12] deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But, for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[13] without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make curtsy,[14] and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

[12] *Book-oath* probably refers to the custom of swearing upon the Bible, or "kissing the book."

[13] *Sneap* is *reproof, rebuke. Snip, snib, sneb,* and *snub* are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or *pinch* by frost. Shakespeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

[14] Making *curtsy* is the same as making a *leg;* a form of obeisance much used in former times. See page 64, note 47.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,[15] and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Takes her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Gives a letter.*

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and, for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German Hunting in water-work,[16] is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw[17] thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me: dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i'faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

15 That is, in a manner suitable to your name and character.

16 *Water-work* is *water-colour paintings* or *hangings.* The painted cloth was generally oil-colour; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-colour. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject. — *Drollery* in Shakespeare's time meant a kind of *puppet-show.*

17 *Draw* has here the force of *withdraw;* referring to the prosecution she had entered against him.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — [*To* BARDOLPH.] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, *and* Boy.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool

that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap,[18] and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great Fool.[19] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Pointz. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd[1] one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Pointz. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use!—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows

18 *Tap for tap* is equivalent to our phrase *tit for tat.* Falstaff has just been retorting upon the Judge in the Judge's own kind; not heeding his questions, but going right on with his talk, as if no questions had been asked. In saying "he was a fool that taught them me," Sir John refers to the usage he has turned upon the Chief Justice.

19 His lordship uses *fool* here in the sense of the "allowed Fool," who was permitted to take all sorts of liberties with his superiors, and no one but a dunce thought of taking any offence at his jests.

1 To *lay-hold of,* to *seize,* to *attack,* are among the old meanings of to *attach.* Shakespeare has it repeatedly for to *arrest.*

better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keep'st not racket[2] there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen[3] shall inherit His kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Pointz. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Pointz. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent-good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Pointz. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, — as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, — I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Pointz. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the Devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such

[2] *Racket* was the name of an instrument used in playing the game of tennis. It was a piece of wood, with a handle at one end, and the other end bent into a sort of hoop, with some elastic material stretched over it. Probably a quibble was intended between this and the ordinary sense of the word.

[3] The Prince is referring to Pointz's children, actual or presumptive, who are supposed to have use for all the old shirts he can spare. The joke turns partly on the circumstance of Pointz being unmarried.

vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation[4] of sorrow.

Pointz. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Pointz. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Pointz. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Pointz. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;[5] and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the Mass, here comes Bardolph.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: 'a had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and the* Page.

Bard. God save your Grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [*To the* Page.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red

[4] *Ostentation* here means, simply, *outward show*, or *expression*.

[5] "A proper fellow of my hands" is a man of valour and execution. "A tall man," and "a tall man of his hands," were used in the same sense. The same phrase was also sometimes used for a *thief*.

lattice,[6] and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

Prince. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand;[7] and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: — there 'tis, boy. [*Gives money.*

Pointz. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

[*Gives money.*

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you. [*Gives a letter.*

Pointz. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the Martlemas,[8] your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Pointz. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

[6] *Red lattice* was a common term for an ale-house window. The fashion of red lattices in such houses is often alluded to by the old writers.

[7] The Poet stumbles here in his mythology, confounding Althea's fire-brand with Hecuba's. Hecuba, before the birth of Paris, dreamed that she was the mother of a fire-brand that consumed Troy. Althea's fire-brand was a reality, not a dream.

[8] Falstaff is before called *latter Spring*, *all-hallown Summer*, and Pointz now calls him *Martlemas*, a corruption of *Martinmas*, which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of Autumn. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you how he writes. [*Gives the letter to* POINTZ.

Pointz. [Reads.] *John Falstaff, knight,*— Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger but they say, *There's some of the King's blood spilt. How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, *I am the King's poor cousin, sir.*

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

Pointz. [Reads.] *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Pointz. [Reads.] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*[9]—Sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst; and so, farewell.*

> *Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,)* JACK FALSTAFF *with my familiars,* JOHN *with my brothers and sisters, and* SIR JOHN *with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

[9] Alluding to the celebrated bulletin, *veni, vidi, vici,* with which Julius Cæsar is said to have announced his victory at Zela.

Pointz. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the Fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?[10]

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.[11]

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Pointz. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph, — no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [*Gives money.*

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And, for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page. — This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Pointz. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

10 A place to fatten a boar in. So in Holland's Pliny: "Swine will be well fat and well larded in sixtie daies; and the rather, if before you begin to *franke* them up, they be kept altogether from meat three daies."

11 A slang phrase probably meaning *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort.* See vol. vi. page 92, note 4.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours,[12] and not ourselves be seen?

Pointz. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly.[13] Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* *Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

[12] "*Bestow* himself in his true *colours*" is *bear, behave,* or *show* himself in his proper *character.* See vol. v. page 93, note 4.

[13] That is, must be *according to the* folly. A grave and serious purpose would not sort well with a course of frolicsome levity; and *vice versa.*

There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him, as the Sun
In the gray vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick,[1] which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.[2] And him, — O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! — him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:[3] so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong

[1] "Speaking *thick*" is speaking *rapidly*, running the words together. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 2: "Say, and *speak thick;* love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing."

[2] This language seems to have been in special favour with the Poet. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "The *glass of fashion* and the mould of form." And in *Lucrece:*

For princes are the glass, the school, the *book*,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

[3] *Defensible* for *defensive;* the passive form with the active sense. So, in a Proclamation of the Protector Somerset, quoted by Walker, the King's subjects are called upon to repair to Hampton Court "in most *defensible* array, with harness and weapons to defend his most royal person."

To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The Marshal and the Árchbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient[4] oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armèd commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,[5]
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the Árchbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Ancient*, here, is *past* or *by-gone*, simply.

[5] Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used at weddings and funerals.

SCENE IV. — *London. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the Devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.[1]

2 Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart:[2] but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why, then cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;[3] Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the Mass, here will be old utis:[4] it will be an excellent stratagem.

1 This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described by Phillips in a passage quoted page 89, note 1. Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-john.*"

2 *Anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without implying any desire to *punish*. Thus in St. Mark iii. 5, speaking of our Saviour: "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger*, being *grieved* for the hardness of their heart."

3 A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for *a set* or *company of musicians*. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band.

4 *Old* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now. — *Utis*, sometimes spelt *utas*, and derived by Skinner from the French *huit*, properly meant the octave of a saint's day, and hence was applied generally

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter the Hostess *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent-good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la: but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say *What's this?* How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [Singing.] *When Arthur first in Court*— Empty the jordan. [*Exit* 1 Drawer.] — [Singing.] *And was a worthy king.*[5] — How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm;[6] yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect;[7] an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

to sport-making and festivity. So in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602: "With some roysting harmony let us begin the *utas* of our jollitie." The word, it is said, is still used in Warwickshire for what is called a *row*. So that *old utis* is a *grand frolic*.

5 The ballad from which this is taken is entitled *Sir Launcelot du Lake*, and is printed entire in Percy's *Reliques*. The first stanza as there given runs thus:

When Arthur first in court began,
  And was approvèd king,
By force of armes great victorys wonne,
  And conquest home did bring.

6 *Calm* is a Quicklyism for *qualm*. Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun. See vol. ii. page 87, note 30.

7 *Sect* and *sex* were often used indiscriminately.

Fal. You make fat rascals,[8] Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:*[9] — for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[10] bravely, —

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger,[11] hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic[12] as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year![13] one must bear, — [*To* Doll.] and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

8 The allusion here is rather uncertain. Walker says, "There is a species of tea-cake in Yorkshire, called — appropriately — a fat rascal." On the other hand, Puttenham says, "*Rascall* is properly a hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season."

9 From a ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle*, also printed in Percy's *Reliques*. One stanza is as follows:

> A kirtle and a mantle this boy had him upon,
> With *brooches*, rings, and *owches*, full daintily bedone.

10 A quibble turning upon the different senses of *chamber*, which was used, to signify a *small piece of ordnance*. Shakespeare has *chambers* fired off in his *King Henry VIII.*

11 Probably an ironical allusion to Falstaff's bulkiness, *conger* being another name for the *sea-eel*, which of course loves and haunts muddy waters.

12 Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen.*

13 The origin and meaning of this term have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account makes it a corruption of *gougere*, which was used of a certain French disease. It was sometimes spelt *good-jer*. It came to be used as an unmeaning expletive.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeax stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.[14]

Re-enter the First Drawer.

1 Draw. Sir, Ancient[15] Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: — shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,[16] Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, — 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, — *Neighbour*

14 It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvises a little in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares.

15 *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*. See page 105, note 8.

16 An old exclamation equivalent to our *fiddle-faddle*.

Quickly, says he;—Master Dumb,[17] our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for*, saith he, *you are in an ill name:*—now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive; receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.* There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit first* Drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:[18] but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says *swagger:*—feel, mistress, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

17 The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are intended to denote that the deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs.

18 The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater* for an *escheator*, or officer of the Exchequer.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,[19] away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chops, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much![20]

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? — He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light! these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy*;[21] which was an excellent-good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

[19] To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. Doll means to call him *pickpocket*. *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bung* were also cant terms for the knife used by cutpurses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

[20] These *two points* were laces, marks of his commission. — *Much!* was a common ironical exclamation of contempt and denial.

[21] This word had been perverted to a bad meaning. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says, "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature."

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?[22]

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i'faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,[23]
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,[24]
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What

[22] Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. *Have we not Hiren here,* is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek. Hiren,* from its resemblance to *siren,* was used for a seducing woman. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren.* Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman. — *Faitors* is an old word meaning *vagabonds,* or *idle rascals.* Used as a general term of reproach.

[23] This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* 1590.

[24] A Pistolian blunder for *Hannibals.*

the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[25]—
Come, give's some sack.
Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.[26]—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.—
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full-points here, and are *et-ceteras* nothing?[27]

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:[28] what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust me down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?[29]

Fal. Quoit him down,[30] Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
[*Snatching up his sword.*

[25] In *The Battle of Alcazar*, a play which Dyce assigns to Peele, we meet with the line, "Feed, then, and faint not, *my fair Calipolis.*" And again: "*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe." Pistol is supposed to have haunted the pit, and there got charged with these bits of theatrical ammunition.

[26] This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on his sword; the same which he has already called *Hiren*, and which he calls *sweetheart* a little after. A Toledo blade, and so with its motto in Spanish.

[27] That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?

[28] *Neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's *Collection*.

[29] Common hackneys.

[30] That is, *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were broad shillings of King Edward VI. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, they are spoken of as *Edward shovel-boards*.

Then death rock me asleep,[31] abridge my doleful days!
Why, then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* PISTOL *out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* BARDOLPH.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you hurt i' the groin? methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

31 Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musicians.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play: — play, sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. [*Music.*] A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little Bartholomew-tide boar-pig,[32] when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for Heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ *disguised as* Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say Pointz has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and 'a plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;[33] and

[32] Doll says this in coaxing ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

[33] Steevens says that "*conger* with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative"; and Nares says, "*Fennel* was generally considered as an in-

drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;[34] and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;[35] and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel[36] have his ears cut off?

Pointz. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Pointz. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction![37] what says the almanac to that?

Pointz. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.[38]

flammatory herb; and therefore, to eat *conger* and *fennel*, was to eat two high and hot things together, which was esteemed an act of libertinism."

34 A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth. — *Riding the wild-mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw.

35 The meaning is not very obvious. Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me an explanation that may well be thought sufficient: "Pointz 'breeds no bate,' *because* he keeps a *discreet* tongue in his head: in his talk with the Prince he avoids getting into trouble by taking care that his stories be always discreet."

36 Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The pun between *nave* and *knave* is obvious. *Would* for *should*.

37 This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

38 *Trigon* for triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle[39] of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } *Pointz.* } Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's?—And art not thou Pointz his[40] brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth,

it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention. Pointz refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper*.

39 Few words have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle*. The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrtel*, to *gird*, was undoubtedly *a petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

40 *Pointz his* is the old form of the possessive, which was going out of use in the Poet's time. It would now be written *Pointz's* or *Pointz'*.

welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Points. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine,[41] you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Points. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

41 Alluding to the fat, or *candle-timber* wrapped up in Sir John's establishment.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us?[42] is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Pointz. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the Devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns,[43] poor soul! For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law;[44] for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.[45]

[*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis.

[42] To "*close with* us," is to *unite*, to *fall in*, or to *take part*, with us.

[43] That is, burns with the *lues venerea*. "The venereal disease was called, in those times, the *brennynge* or *burning*," says Johnson.

[44] In the reign of Elizabeth, statutes were made for the observance of fish days, strictly forbidding victuallers to serve up flesh in Lent.

[45] A quibble is here intended, I think, between *Grace* as a title and *grace* in the theological sense; alluding, probably, to St. Paul's antagonism between the Spirit and the flesh. Galatians v. 17.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the North: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door! —

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the* Page.] Pay the musicians, sirrah. — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. — You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; — if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these

twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY *in his nightgown, with a* PAGE.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. — [*Exit* Page.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the pérfumed chambers of the great,
Under their canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?[1]

[1] The most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch*, when *sleep* has *left* it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watch-*

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly,[2] death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

man; or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger.

[2] *Hurly* is *noise, tumult, uproar;* the same as *hurly-burly*, which the Poet elsewhere uses. — *Shrouds* are the ropes extending from the mastheads to the sides of the ship.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue [3]—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,[4]—
[*To* WARWICK.] You, cousin Neville, as I may remember,—
When Richard—with his eye brimful of tears,

[3] The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue"; that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils.

[4] The reference here is to v. 1, of *King Richard II.*, where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to. In the next line, also, there is some confusion. *Ralph Neville* was at that time earl of *Westmoreland*, and the name of the Earl of *Warwick* was *Beauchamp*. The latter earldom did not come into the Neville family till many years after, when Anne, the heiress of that earldom was married to Richard Neville, son to the Earl of Salisbury. See vol. viii. page 138, note 6.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland —
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne; —
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss; —
The time will come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: — so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasuréd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of these,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.[5]
They say the bishop and Northumberland

[5] To *cry out on*, or to *cry on*, was a common phrase for to *exclaim against*. The meaning is, that the instant necessity upbraids our sloth and backwardness. The Poet repeatedly uses *cry on* in the same sense. — The meaning of the line before is, "If these things are indeed necessities, then let us meet them with their like; let us be as necessities to match them, and see which will prove the stronger." A very heroic saying!

Are fifty thousand strong.
War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.[6]
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd[7] hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.
King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Court before Justice* SHALLOW'S *House in Glostershire.*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *and* Servants, *behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood.[1] And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

[6] Glendower did not die till after the death of King Henry the Fourth. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed. — *Instance* here means *information* or *assurance.* The word is used in a great variety of senses by Shakespeare, and is sometimes rather hard to define. See vol. vi. page 217, note 7, and vol. iv. page 86, note 4.

[7] *Unseason'd* for *unseasonable;* as *admired* for *admirable, unavoided* for *unavoidable, wonder'd* for *wonderful,* and many others.

[1] The *Rood* is the *cross* or *crucifix.*

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns-o'-Court shortly:[2] I was once of Clement's-Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the Mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsol' man;[3] you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns-o'-Court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas[4] were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.[5]

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack[6] not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one

[2] Inns-of-Court are colleges where the younger "limbs of the law" pursue their legal studies and have their lodgings. Of this sort are Gray's-Inn, Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, and Middle Temple.

[3] The Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have understood it that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and atheletic constitution.—*Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters*, in the time of Shakespeare.

[4] *Bona-roba* was a cant term for a *courtezan*. So Florio: "*Buonarobba*, as we say good stuffe; that is, a good wholesome plump-cheeked wench."

[5] Halliwell has ascertained that Sir John Oldcastle, "the good Lord Cobham," was, in his youth, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and he justly argues that Oldcastle was the original name of Falstaff.

[6] A *crack* is a pert, forward *boy*.

Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! — 'a drew a good bow; and dead! — 'a shot a fine shoot: John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — 'a would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score;[7] and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be:[8] a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him.*

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this

[7] Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By an old statute, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence. *A forehand shaft* is an arrow specially formed for shooting straight forward. To carry such an arrow fourteen score yards was doing well.

[8] Silence probably means, "That depends on their quality." *Thereafter* for *according as*.

county, and one of the King's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall[9] gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword[10] man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! — it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! — it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.[11]

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase;[12] but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, — being, — whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. —

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your good hand, give me your Worship's good hand:

[9] *Bold, stout, able* are old meanings of *tall.* See vol. v. page 143, note 4.

[10] *Backsword* was the name a stick with a basket handle, used in rustic sports and exercises. The game of backsword is also called *single-stick.*

[11] It appears to have been fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time.

[12] Bardolph means that he does not understand the word *phrase.*

by my troth, you like well,[13] and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. — Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? — Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: — Ralph Mouldy! — let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! — in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. [*To* SHALLOW.] Prick him.[14]

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not

13 To *like well* is to be in *good-liking;* that is, *good condition.* See page 90, note 2.

14 *Prick him* is *mark him;* which was done by pricking a hole in the paper against the name.

to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the others, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it:[15] I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

[15] Probably meaning much the same as the phrase now in use, "You are up to it."

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands:[16] let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will

[16] Meaning, perhaps, that Wart commands an army of *parasites.*

have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number;[17] you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since[18] we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.[19]

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the Mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

17 There is an apparent discrepancy here, as only *five* recruits have been named. Perhaps the Poet made a slip; or perhaps, as Falstaff was to have but *four*, and as he has already accepted that number, the Poet did not choose to continue the process any further.

18 *Since* for *when*. Repeatedly so. See vol. iii. page 29, note 23.

19 This phrase — equivalent to cannot *endure*, or cannot *abide* — was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete yet.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesu, the days that we have seen! come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings [20] in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve's prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound [21] to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

[20] There were no coins of ten shillings' value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or Henry VIII.

[21] Bardolph was to have *four* pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: — for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; — and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,[22] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.[23] And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver[24] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;[25] thus, thus, thus.

[22] Shakespeare uses *thews* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews.* In ancient writers, *thews* generally signifies *manners, behaviour*, or *qualities of the mind* or *disposition;* in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others.

[23] Johnson explains this from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery, "Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."

[24] A *caliver* was lighter than a musket, and was fired without a rest.

[25] *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march.* "*Traverse,*" says Bullokar, "to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing."

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well: go to:—very good; exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.[26]—Well said, i'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,[27] when I lay at Clement's-Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,[28]—there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say; *bounce*[29] would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return, visit my house;

26 *Shot* for *shooter*. So in the *Exercise of Arms*, 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*."—*Well said* was used where we should say "well *done*."

27 *Mile-End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, four thousand citizens were trained and exercised there.

28 *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archers, styling themselves "the Auncient Order, Society and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members were fifty-eight in number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. This society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, "when he saw a good archer indeede, chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Shakespeare has heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who is represented in the romance as King Arthur's *Fool*.—*Quiver* is *nimble, active, spry*.

29 *Bounce* was used, as we use *bang*, to express the report of a gun. See vol. x. page 36, note 52.—It is hardly needful to say that in "manage you," "come you in," &c., the *you* is simply expletive. The Poet has a great many such.

let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word.[30] Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentleman. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.]—On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, *&c.*]—As I return, I will fetch off these justices:[31] I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; 'a was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: 'a was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him mandrake: 'a came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd[32] huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights.[33] And now is this Vice's dag-

[30] *At a word* is an old phrase for *in short* or *in brief.* Shallow means that he'll keep his word; or that one word from him is as good as a hundred.

[31] The equivalent language of our time is, "I will *come it over* these justices." How he will do this, appears a little further on.—The implied pun on Shallow in *bottom* is obvious enough.

[32] *Scutch'd* is commonly explained to mean the same as *switched* or *whipped.*—The passage aptly hits off a perpetual sort of people who never find out what the fashion is, till it has passed away. Antony gives a like character to Lepidus in *Julius Cæsar.*

[33] The old Poets sometimes called their slight lyrical effusions by the name of *Fancies* and *Good-nights.*

ger[34] become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst[35] his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name;[36] for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me:[37] if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

[34] There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the old Vice or Fool. See vol. v. page 222, note 17.

[35] *Burst*, *brast*, and *broken* were formerly synonymous.

[36] That he was gaunter than *Gaunt*.

[37] This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing, "He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or *twice* as good." "It shall *go hard* but I will make" means "It must be a hard task indeed, if I do not work it through." See vol. ii. page 225, note 11.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on,[1] and face them in the field.
Arch. What well-appointed[2] leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.

[1] To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing, hasty movement. Thus Holinshed: "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground."

[2] *Well-appointed* is the same as *well-furnished*, or *well-equipped*.

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by heady youth, guarded[3] with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of bare and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments[4] figure innocence,
The dove and very blessèd spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to greaves,[5] your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?[6]

[3] *Guarded* is a term of dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings. See vol. iv. page 165, note 31.

[4] Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

[5] *Greaves* were leg-armour, and were sometimes made of leather; and, as books were covered with leather, the figure of turning mind-armour into leg-armour was natural and apt.

[6] A *point of war* is a warlike strain of music. So in Greene's *Orlando Furioso:* "To play him hunt's-up with a *point of war*." And in Peele's *Edward the First*, 1593: "Sound proudly here a perfect *point of war*." Also, Scott, in *Waverly*, Chap. xlvi.: "The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild *point of war* appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty."

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diseased;
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance,[7] present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;

[7] "Examples of every minute's instance" probably means examples which every minute *supplies* or *instances*.

Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied;
Wherein have you been gallèd by the King;
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you;
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My burden general is the commonwealth;
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.[8]

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from th' King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,

[8] Here ***burden general*** of course refers to the ***public grievances*** which the speaker has just been recounting, and for the redress of which he claims to be in arms. Then, besides this, he has a private or ***particular*** cause of quarrel in the wounding of his household affections by the cruelty inflicted on his own brother. So, in the preceding play, i. 3, we have Worcester speaking of the Archbishop as "bearing hard his brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop." See Critical Notes.

Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The King, that loved him, as the State stood then
Was, force perforce,[9] compell'd to banish him:
And when that Henry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted and both rousèd in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armèd staves in charge,[10] their beavers down,[11]
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,[12]
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, —
O, when the King did throw his warder down,[13]
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford[14] was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smiled?

9 *Force perforce* was a reduplicate way of intensifying an expression of necessity; like the French *force forcée.* The Poet has it repeatedly thus. So in *2 King Henry VI.*, i. 1: "And, *force perforce*, I'll make him yield the crown." See, also, vol. x. page 47, note 10.

10 That is, their *lances* being fixed in rest for the encounter.

11 The *beaver* was a movable part of the helmet, covering the face in fight, but lifted up when the wearer chose. See page 103, note 20.

12 The holes in their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

13 This refers to the act of Richard in arresting the duel between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, and ordering them both into exile. The matter is represented at length in the third scene of *King Richard II.*

14 This is a mistake; he was *Duke* of Hereford.

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace
That he will give you audience; and, wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.[15]

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,

[15] A thing is often spoken of as *doing* that which it in any way *causes* to be done. So here the meaning seems to be, "every thing being struck off from your record, that might so much as *cause you to be thought* enemies." Shakespeare has many like expressions. See, however, Critical Notes.

To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse[16] you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confirm'd,—
We come within our awful banks[17] again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace,—which God so frame!—
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derivèd cause,

16 To *muse* for to *wonder*, to *marvel*. Often so.

17 That is, banks full of awe or respect for authority and law. The image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the State. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. See vol. x. page 200, note 3.

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths[18] martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this, the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking[19] grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables[20] clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.[21]

[18] "Our *royal faiths*" means our *good-faith*, or our *fidelity, to the King;* the adjective standing for the *object* of the substantive.

[19] *Picking* is *petty, paltry, trifling*, or *insignificant*. The idea is of one refining, "straining at a gnat," or making too much of small things. The Poet has *picked* several times in the same sense. So in *Love's Labours*, v. 1: "He is too *picked*, too spruce, too affected," &c. See vol. x. page 13, note 21.

[20] The image is of table-books of slate, ivory, wax, &c., used for noting and keeping memoranda upon.

[21] The expression is rather obscure, owing partly to the mixing of simile and metaphor, partly to a peculiar use of *hangs*, which here means *suspends* or *arrests*, and partly to the double reference in *him* to the King and to the

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace: my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

husband implied in *wife.* The meaning, therefore, comes something thus: "So that the land, or the wife, as the King, or the husband, is striking, *causes* the *purposed* stroke to *hang unfinished*"; that is, "suspends or arrests the correction he had resolved or *determined* on, and had upreared his arm to execute." The verb to *hang* is used just so again in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5: "When thou hast *hung* thy *advanced* sword i' the air, not letting it decline on the declined"; that is, not letting it *fall* upon the *fallen.* Here *advanced* is *uplifted* or *upraised.* The Poet has many like instances of verbs used in a *causative* sense. See note 15, above. The substance of this explanation was written to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby, under date "Feb. 9, 1880."

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbishop, HASTINGS, *and others; from the other side,* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray: —
Good day to you, gentle lord Archbishop; —
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,[1]
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament;
To us th' imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,

[1] Holinshed says of the Archbishop that, "coming foorth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them foorth to the enterprise in hand."

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of His substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of Heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,[2]
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief, —
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the Court, —
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And, though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success[3] of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

[2] That is, "the feeling, which we all have in common, of the public grievances." A classical use of *sense.*

[3] *Success* for *succession.* A frequent usage. See vol. ix. page 255, note 26.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow[4] them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restorèd love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace. [*Drinks.*

Hast. [*To an* Officer.] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:[5]
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland. [*Drinks.*

West. I pledge your Grace [*Drinks.*]; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray. [*Drinks.*

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;

[4] *Approve* is an old meaning of *allow*. Very often so in the Bible. See, also, vol. vii. page 151, note 29.

[5] *Part* for *depart;* the two words being used interchangeably by old writers.

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Seems to say thus, *Some good thing comes to-morrow.*
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be dischargèd too.— [*Exit* WEST.
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.
Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit* HAST.
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, Lord Archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

[6] Johnson and other critics have been indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after bearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the court might safely be presumed to know."

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, *and others.*

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious

knight and valourous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,[1] *I came, saw, and overcame.*

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element,[2] which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like

[1] I cannot tell whence the Poet got his hint for this epithet *hook-nosed;* perhaps from some of the Dictator's coins, engravings of which were doubtless printed in his time. In his earlier years, Julius Cæsar was eminently handsome in face and person; but it is said that, what with his disease, and his continual rapture of administrative energy, he was in his latter years worn thin, and his nose had a *hooked* appearance, sure enough.

[2] A ludicrous term for the stars. The Poet uses *element* for *sky.*

a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?
West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.
Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution: —
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. —
[*Exeunt* BLUNT *and others with* COLEVILE.
And now dispatch we toward the Court, my lords:
I hear the King my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, —
Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to Court,
Stand my good lord,[3] pray, in your good report.
Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,[4]
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all but* FALSTAFF.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no marvel; he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof;[5] for thin drink doth

[3] *Stand my good lord*, or *be my good lord*, means *stand my friend*, *be my patron or benefactor*, report well of me.

[4] *Condition*, here, probably means *office*, or *official capacity*, as commanding general. Or it may mean the speaker's social position, his princely rank. The word commonly means, in Shakespeare, *temper* or *disposition*.

[5] A rather singular use of *proof*, but probably *decisive result*; as the quality of a tree is *proved* by its fruit. Or it may mean *prove*, that is, *turn out*, any thing. So in Bacon's essay *Of Parents and Children*: "The *proof* is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse"; where the meaning is, it *proves*, or *turns out*, best.

so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.[6] A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,[7] full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up[8] with his retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,[9] till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.[10] Hereof comes it, that Prince

[6] *Inflammation* here means *heating, kindling,* or *setting on fire.* Shakespeare uses the verb to *inflame* in the same sense. See vol. x. page 88, note 1.

[7] *Forgetive* is *inventive* or *imaginative.* So the Poet has *forgery* in the sense of *imagination;* as in *Hamlet,* iv. 4: "That I, in *forgery* of shapes and tricks, come short of what he did."

[8] *Puff'd up* here means *animated* or *inspired.* Shakespeare uses *puff'd* in the same sense in *Hamlet,* iv. 1: "Whose spirit, with divine ambition *puff'd,* makes mouths at the invisible event."

[9] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c., were guarded by evil spirits.

[10] Alluding to the *Commencement* and the *Act* of the Universities, where those terms were used, to denote the occasion when students received full

Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. —

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is dischargèd all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,[11] and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,[1] our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which entitled them to their several degrees.

[11] A characteristic allusion to the old use of *soft wax* in sealing.

[1] *Address'd* is *made ready* or *prepared.* Often so.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.
King. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the Prince your brother?
Glos. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.
King. And how accompanied?
Glos. I do not know, my lord.
King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
Glos. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.
Clar. What would my lord and father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas:
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:[2]
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous[3] as Winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.[4]

[2] That is, if he have respectful attentions shown him.

[3] *Humorous* here is *capricious* or *variable*. See page 80, note 25.

[4] Edwards says, in explanation of this passage, that he has heard *flaws* used for "the small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of water, in winter mornings." This explanation is endorsed by Dyce, who adds, "I have myself heard the word used to signify both *thin cakes of ice* and *the bursting of those cakes*." The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in

His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,[5]—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash[6] gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Pointz, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For, when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed*, unless the latter be taken for *congealing*, the passive for the active.

[5] Though their blood be *inflamed* by the poison of *temptation*. This use of *suggest* and its derivatives was very common. See vol. vii. page 52, note 54.

[6] *Aconitum*, or aconite, *wolf's-bane*, a poisonous herb.—*Rash* is *sudden*, *hasty*, *violent*.

When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections[7] fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom-when[8] the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.[9]—

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne,

[7] *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, are *passions, desires.* Appetitus animi.

[8] This compound, used twice by the Poet, is merely equivalent to *seldom.* See vol. vi. page 207, note 9.

[9] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course in his particular. [*Giving a packet.*
King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting-up of day. Look, here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your Majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the shrieve [10] of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large. [*Giving a packet.*
King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy: —
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Falls back.*
Glos. Comfort, your Majesty!
Clar. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.[11]

[10] *Shrieve* is an old form of *sheriff.* See vol. iv. page 98, note 11.

[11] We have had Falstaff describing the King's disease as *apoplexy.* I believe he was in fact subject, in his later years, to what we call *epileptic* fits.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[12] that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glos. The people fear me;[13] for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature:
The seasons change their manners, as[14] the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd,[15] no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the King recovers.
Glos. This apoplex will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

But *apoplexy* was used in the Poet's time as a common term for both diseases; at least by "laymen."

[12] *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latanisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries.—*Wrought it thin* is *made it thin by gradual wearing.*

[13] *Fear* is here used transitively, in the sense of *make afraid.* The Prince means that he is frightened at the strange freaks of Nature which the people observe, and which were thought to be ominous of some public calamity.—*Unfathered heirs* probably means *monstrous births.*

[14] The Poet often uses *as* with the force of *as if.*

[15] Referring, of course, to the Thames. Three flowings of the tide in succession, without any ebb, would seem indeed a strange event; nevertheless it is said to have actually occurred about the time supposed in the text.

SCENE V. — *Another Room in the Same.*

The King *on a bed;* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others attending.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull[1] and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the King?
Glos. Exceeding ill.
Prince. Heard he
The good news yet? tell't him.
Glos. He alter'd much
Upon the hearing it.
Prince. If he be sick

[1] *Dull* and *slow* were synonymous. "*Dullness*, slowness; tarditas, tardivete. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe;* tardiusculus, tardelet;" says Baret. And he has also the following: "Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie; *torpidus.*" It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in *The Tempest.* The notion is not peculiar to our Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from *Wit Restored*, 1658, may witness:

O, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear that hath an ear?
Down let him lie, and slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

With joy, he will recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords: — sweet Prince, speak low;
The King your father is disposed to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?
Prince. No: I will sit and watch here by the King. —
[*Exeunt all but P.* HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow's with homely biggen[2] bound
Snores out the watch of night. — O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. — By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[3] hath divorced

[2] A *biggen* was a *head-band* of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. — The sense of the preceding line is, "Yet not *half* so sound *nor half* so deeply sweet." The Poet has various similar forms of expression. So Ben Jonson, in *The Forest*, xi., describing "true love": "That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines the *soft* and *sweetest* minds in equal knots." Also in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: "Only the *grave* and *wisest* of the land." See vol. vi. page 221, note 3.

[3] *Rigol* is *circle*; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. Shakespeare has it again in *Lucrece*:

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery *rigol* goes.

So many English kings. — Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits, —
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard: and, put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glos. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? —
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. —
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossèd and piled up
The canker'd[4] heaps of strange-achievèd gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments[5] to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined[6] me?
War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears[7] his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

[4] *Canker'd* here is *rusted* or *tarnished.* See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

[5] *Engrossments* is *accumulations* or *piles;* as *engrossèd,* a little before. Also, in the First Part, iii. 2, page 88: "To *engross* up glorious deeds on my behalf." *His* refers to *father;* the prose order being, "To the ending father his engrossments yield this bitter taste."

[6] *Determined* is *ended;* still used so in legal language.

[7] "*Kindly* tears" are tears of *natural affection; kindly* being used in the primitive sense of *kind,* which is *nature.* See vol. iv. page 220, note 2.

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt all but K.* HEN. *and P.* HEN.

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm[8] to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

[8] *Balm* here means the consecrated oil used in coronations. So in *Richard II.*, iii. 2: "Not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the *balm* from an *anointed* king."

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English Court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double-gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. [*Kneeling.*] O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard,
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
Which my most inward-true and duteous spirit
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!
God witness with me, when I here came in, [*Rising.*

And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposéd!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;[9]
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But, if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,

[9] It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposèd [10] peace: all these bold fears [11]
Thou see'st with peril I have answerèd;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchase,[12]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.[13]
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,

[10] *Supposèd* here means, apparently, *imagined;* "the peace which we thought we had established."

[11] *Fears* are *objects of fear;* terrors. See page 26, note 9.

[12] The *mode* is the *state* or *form* of things.—*Purchase* is from the French *pourchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent. The word was often used as a sort of euphemism for any thing acquired by unjust and indirect methods. See page 40, note 22.

[13] That is, *by order of succession.* Johnson observes that "every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can."

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut some off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords, *and others.*

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period. —
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Glostershire. A Hall in* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Shal. By cock and pie,[1] sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. — Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook,[2] bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts[3] cannot be

[1] This appears to have been a common form of adjuration, not conveying, perhaps, any particular meaning. In *The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven*, by Arthur Dent, 1607, we have the following: "I know a man that will never swear but by *cock and py*, or *mouse foot*. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread: you shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth." See vol. vi. page 18, note 35.

[2] William *the* cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.

[3] *Precepts* are *warrants*. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

served: and again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But, for William cook: — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the Court is better than a penny in purse.[4] Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited,[5] Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot[6] against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your

[4] "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

[5] That is, well *conceived*, a happy *conception*, a fine stroke of wit. *Conceit* was always used in a good sense.

[6] *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford.

Worship truly, sir, this eight years; and, if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your Worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your Worship, let him be countenanced.[7]

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] — Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. — Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: — [*To the* Page.] and welcome, my tall fellow. — Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit* SHALLOW.] — Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page]. — If I were saw'd into quantities,[8] I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence[9] of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like servingman: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concent,[10]

[7] This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech in Parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the House of Commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

[8] An odd use of *quantities*, but evidently meaning *parts, pieces*, or *portions*. A like instance occurs in *The Taming*, iv. 4: "Away, thou rag, thou *quantity*, thou remnant."

[9] "Semblable coherence" is coherence *from similarity*, or union from resemblance; the same in sense as "birds of a feather flock together."

[10] *Concent* is *unison* or *concord;* quite distinct from *consent*.

like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions,—which is four terms,[11] or two actions,—and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow,[12] will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, severally, WARWICK *and the* Chief-Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief-Justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

11 These *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. During the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city, to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humour of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.

12 "A sad brow" is a *serious* countenance, or a look of *earnest*. So the Poet often uses *sad*. See vol. v. page 200, note 1.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.
War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Enter LANCASTER, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
Glos. } *Clar.* } Good morrow, cousin.
Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
Glos. O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, — it is sure your own.
Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A raggèd and forestall'd remission.[1]
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King HENRY THE FIFTH, *attended.*

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your Majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court;
Not Amurath an Amurath[2] succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,

[1] This passage has puzzled the commentators vastly. *Ragged* is doubtless put for *base, beggarly, ignominious.* To *forestall* is, properly, to *anticipate;* and I suspect the word is here used *proleptically.* The speaker's thought seems to be, that in his case any pardon will be ignominious, which is not free and unsolicited; or the granting of which is preceded or anticipated by a request. Thus a pardon begged or sued for would be base *because* forestalled. The Poet has many such proleptical forms of speech. See *Romeo and Juliet,* iii. 2, note 1. And so Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene,* i. 3, 31, speaks of a "beaten marinere" as "long time having tand his *tawney* hide"; that is, tanned his hide, *and thus made it* tawny. Mr. Joseph Crosby, however, writes me an explanation that may be still better: "'You will never see that I will beg an ignominious pardon,—a remission for a deed that of itself *forestalled* any remission.' In other words, he means a pardon that every fair-minded man knows *ought not to be begged for;* as the deed that was done forestalled its own remission, because it was so just and lawful, that it *merited no punishment,* but rather reward."

[2] Amurath III., Emperor of the Turks, died in 1595: his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction.

That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

Clar.
Lan. } We hope no other from your Majesty.
Glos.

King. You all look strangely on me: — and you most;
[*To the* Chief-Justice.
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleasèd to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,[3]
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

[3] *Presented* for *represented.* The Poet has it repeatedly so.

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you.[4] If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold

[4] While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the Prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Gouvernour;* but Shakespeare followed the Chronicles.

That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstainèd sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.[5] —
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,[6]
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

[5] This retaining of Gascoigne in office has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the King. It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first Parliament of Henry V. was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warrant has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV., who died March 20, 1413, and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's lesson of magnanimity without any abatement on the score of history.

[6] The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions have ceased on my father's death, and are now buried in his tomb.

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,[7]
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our State may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[*To the* Chief-Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,[8]
As I before remember'd, all our State:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Glostershire. The Garden of* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways,[1] and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

7 "The state of floods" is the ocean; so called, probably because it is the chief of floods, and comprehends the majesty of all the others.

8 To *accite* here means to *call* or *summon.* In ii. 2, of this play, it is used in the sense of *move* or *impel:* "And what *accites* your most worshipful thought to think so?"

1 Caraway seeds used to be much eaten with apples as a carminative, to

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. — Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said,[2] Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.[3]

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: — by the Mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: — a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: — come, cousin.

Sil. Ah sirrah! quoth-a, — we shall

[Sings.] *Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever-among[4] *so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart! — Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit. [BARD. *and* PAGE *sit at another table.*] — Proface![5] What you want in

relieve the flatulency generated by the fruit. Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1594, strongly recommends them for that purpose.

2 "Well *said*" is here used for "well *done*." — *Spread* has reference to making ready for eating and drinking.

3 Meaning "your husband*man*"; the one who *husbands* your affairs.

4 *Ever-among* is an ancient idiomatic phrase, used by Chaucer and others. It means about the same as *always*. — No traces have been found of the old songs with which Silence overflows so eloquently in his mellowness.

5 A phrase of welcome, equivalent to "Much good may it do you." It is thus explained by old Heywood: "Reader, reade this thus: for preface, *proface, much good may it do you*." It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of*

meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all.[6] [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; — and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Sings.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats[7] for you.
[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your Worship? — [*To* BARD.] I'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Sings.] *A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman[8] mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry: now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

Sil. [Sings.] *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottóm.

Wolsey: "Before the second course, my Lord Cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface.*"

6 That is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.

7 Apples commonly called *russetines.*

8 *Leman* is *sweetheart* or *mistress.* See vol. v. page 167, note 6.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—[*To the* Page.] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true bred.[9]

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry.—[*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* SILENCE, *who has just drunk a bumper.*

Sil. [Sings.] *Do me right, and dub me knight,*
Sa'mingo.[10]

Is't not so?

[9] These are sportsman's phrases applied to hounds. "He will not out" means "he will not fail you," or "he will be true to you." Used of hounds when they hunt *in a cry*, that is, pursue the game in concert, and stick by each other. See page 38, note 17.

[10] To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis:* "Those *formes of ceremonious quaffing*, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves; and lose the reason, whiles they pretend to *do reason*."—He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening.—In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, Monsieur *Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. Whether the change to *Sa'mingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of *San Domingo*, is uncertain. Why St. Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your Worship, there's one Pistol come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court! let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r Lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.[11]

Pist. Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra[12] for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

[11] That is, the greatest man *except* goodman Puff. The exceptive *but*, as it is called; a contraction of *be out*.—*Barson*, or *Barston*, is the name of a village in Warwickshire.

[12] *Foutra* appears to have been a slang expression of scorn.

Sil. [Sings.] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?[13]
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then lament therefóre.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, besonian?[14] speak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

[13] *Helicons* for *poets;* mount Helicon in Bœotia being the special haunt of the Muses and sacred to Apollo, the god of poetical inspiration. There was the famous fountain of Hippocrene, whence those divine old girls, the Muses, imbibed their fine raptures.—Pistol has got his memory so stored with scraps of plays and ballads, that he imagines himself a poet, or a *Heliconian.*

[14] The meaning of *besonian*, here, has been a good deal discussed. The word is of Italian origin, and properly signifies a needy fellow or a beggar; but came to be used in the stronger sense of *scoundrel.* The best explanation of Pistol's meaning that I have met with is in *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869: "He uses *besonian* simply as a thrasonical phrase of martial contempt for the bucolic mind, an intimation that Shallow, Justice of the Peace though he may be, and 'under the King in some authority,' is after all no better than a peasant. The word is used by Nash, and other contemporary poets and dramatists, in exactly the same sense, to designate the lower class of labourers, boors, and rustics." And the writer sustains this by the following quotation from Markham's work on *English Husbandmen:* "First, therefore, let every man understand, that this title of Husbandman is not tyed onely to the ordinarie tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France, peasants; in Spaine, *besonyans*, and generall the clout-shoo: no, they are creatures of a better creation," &c.

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,[15] like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door:[16] the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph! [*Exit* BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief-Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led? say they:
Why, here it is; welcome this pleasant day! [*Exeunt.*

15 An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *ficus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England *to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace.*"

16 The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one who has fallen under such a death as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

SCENE IV.—*London. A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in the* Hostess *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,[1] you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,[2] I will have you as soundly swinged for this; you blue-bottle rogue,[3] you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.[4]

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

[1] *Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or catchpole. Cleveland says of a committee-man: "He is the devil's *nut-hook;* the sign with him is always in the clutches."

[2] Alluding, probably, to the cap worn by the Beadle; the official cap.

[3] Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

[4] A *half-kirtle* was a kind of *apron* or *fore part* of the dress of a woman.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

Dol. Goodman Death, goodman Bones!

Host. Thou atomy,[5] thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1 Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter three Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

3 Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.

1 Groom. Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me!—[*To* SHALLOW.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him;—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. —it shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. —my devotion;—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

[5] *Atomy* is a Quicklyism for *anatomy.*

Fal. — as it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me; —

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. — but to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est:* 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King *and his Train, the* Chief-Justice *among them.*

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp[1] of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief-Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

[1] *Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or *child.* It occurs repeatedly so in *The Faerie Queene.* How it came to be used only for a wicked or mischievous being, a child of the Devil, does not appear.

Fal. My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a Fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, —
As I have done the rest of my misleaders, —
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.[2] — Be't your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word. —
Set on. [*Exeunt the* King *and his Train.*

[2] The King's treatment of his old makesport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes, "If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it."

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:—come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at[3] night.

Re-enter LANCASTER, *the* Chief-Justice, Officers, *&c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;[4]
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.—
Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page, *with* Officers.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's:

[3] *Soon at* is a phrase used several times by the Poet. The meaning appears to be merely *as soon as*, or *about*. See vol. iii. page 146, note 1.

[4] The Fleet was one of the old prisons in London. So Wordsworth, in his PROLOGUE to *Peter Bell:*

As well might Peter, in *the Fleet*,
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor:
He travell'd here, he travell'd there;
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations[5]
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I shall say will, I doubt,[1] prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture: Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

[5] *Conversation* in Shakespeare's time had the general meaning of *manners* or *behaviour*.

[1] Doubt in the sense of *fear* or *suspect*. Often so.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it,[2] and make you merry with fair Catharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.[3]

[2] This promise touching Falstaff, for some cause or other, was not carried out: Sir John does not once appear in the play of *King Henry V.* The Poet probably judged, as indeed he well might, that Falstaff's dramatic office and mission were fairly at an end when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being to explain the Prince's wild and riotous courses.

[3] Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the King or Queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of modern English play bills.

CRITICAL NOTES.

INDUCTION.

Page 152. *This have I rumour'd through the* pleasant *towns*
Between that royal field of Shrewesbury
And this worm-eaten hold *of ragged stone.* — The old copies have "*peasant* townes," and also *hole* instead of *hold*. *Pleasant* is the correction made in Collier's second folio; and Dyce says it had occurred to him long ago; at the same time observing, "One may wonder why Rumour should mention only 'the *peasant* towns,' (a most strange expression,) as if so busy a personage, in the long journey from Shrewesbury to Warkworth, had failed to 'call in at the more important places.'"

ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 158. *That arrows* fly *not swifter toward their aim*
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. — So Walker. The old text has "arrowes *fled* not."

P. 158. *Then was* the *noble Worcester*
Too soon ta'en prisoner. — The old copies have *that* instead of *the*. Probably the error crept in from *that* occurring just below. Corrected by Hanmer.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 163. *He may keep it still* as *a face-royal.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *at* instead of *as*.

P. 164. *And if a man is* thorough *with them in honest taking-up,* &c. — The old copies have *through* instead of *thorough*. Still I am not altogether certain that the change ought to be admitted, as in fact the two forms were often used indiscriminately. Corrected by Pope.

P. 167. Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening,* &c. — Here the old copies have the prefix "*Old.*" instead of "*Fal.*" Doubtless "*Old.*" is a relic of the original naming of Falstaff, the change not having been marked in that place. See *Introduction* to the *First Part.*

P. 169. *Virtue is of so little regard in these* costermonger *times.* — The old copies have *costermongers.* Corrected by Capell.

P. 170. *I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to death with perpetual motion.* — Not in the folio. The quarto reads "eaten to death with *a* rust." The *a* seems decidedly out of place here, as much so as it would before "perpetual motion."

P. 171. *But the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; so both the* diseases *prevent my curses.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *degrees* instead of *diseases.* Singer retains the former on the ground that "there is wit in speaking of a diseased sinner as *graduating* with honours." If there be any wit, I am sure it is much too fine and too far-fetched to be apprehended by an audience. So that Singer's reason for retaining is with me a reason for rejecting the old reading. Besides, at the close of the scene Falstaff speaks of the same things as *diseases:* "I will turn diseases to commodity."

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 172. *And our supplies* lie *largely in the hope*
Of great Northumberland. — The old copies have *live* instead of *lie.* The correction is Walker's, who adduces various instances of *lie* and *live* confounded.

P. 173. *Yes,* in *this present quality of war:*
Indeed, the instant act and *cause on foot*
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th' appearing buds; &c. — The first twenty lines of this speech are wanting in the quarto; and the folio gives them in a very unsatisfactory state. So, in the lines here quoted, the folio reads thus:

> Yes, *if* this present quality of warre,
> Indeed the instant *action: a* cause on foot,
> Lives so in hope, &c.

The corrections given in the text are made in Collier's second folio; which, however, had been anticipated in regard to the first — *in* for *if* — by Johnson. See foot-note 4.

P. 174. *What do we then but draw anew the model*
In fewer offices, or at last *desist*
To build at all? Much more, in this great work, —
Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up, — *should we survey*
The plot of *situation and the model,*
Consent *upon a sure foundation,*
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
And *weigh against his opposite; or else*
We fortify on *paper and in figures,* &c. — Here, again, in the second of these lines, the folio has *least* instead of *last;* in the tenth, *To* instead of *And;* and, in the last, "*in* paper" instead of "*on* paper." The first correction was made by Capell, and the second was proposed by Staunton, where Capell had printed "*How* weigh," and both the first and the third are found in Collier's second folio; which also inserts a whole line between the ninth and tenth, thus: "A careful leader sums what force he brings." In the sixth line, also, Collier's second folio has "The plot, *the* situation, and the model," and, in the seventh, *Consult* instead of *Consent;* the latter of which I suspect to be right; perhaps both.

P. 175. *If he should do so,*
To *French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,*
They baying him at the heels. — So the quarto, except that it lacks *To,* which was supplied by Capell. The folio gives the passage thus:

He leaves his backe unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 176. *Master Fang, have you enter'd the* exion? — Here the old copies have *action* instead of *exion;* but they afterwards show that the latter is Mrs. Quickly's habitual form of the word, or her idiom.

P. 177. *A hundred mark is a long* score *for a poor lone woman to bear.* — So Collier's second folio. Instead of *score,* the old copies have

one, for which Theobald substituted *loan*. In the old text, *one* would naturally refer to *mark;* so that the sense would be, "A hundred mark is a long *mark* for a poor," &c.; with an intended quibble on the two senses of *mark*. But I think, with Lettsom, that, if the Hostess had meant a quibble, she would have repeated *mark*. Of course *score* refers to the old way of keeping accounts by *marking* or *scoring* the items down with chalk, or with notches cut in a stick.

Act ii., Scene 2.

P. 184. *And God knows whether those that bawl out* of *the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom.* — So Pope. The old copies read "those that bawl out the ruins." Capell inserted *from*, which gives the same sense as *of*. Still I am not absolutely certain that either insertion is right; since "bawl out the ruins" might mean "*wear* out the ruins in their *bawling age*." See foot-note 3.

P. 187. *The answer is as ready as a* borrower's *cap.* — The old copies have "*borrowed* cap." Corrected by Warburton.

P. 187. *I will imitate the honourable* Roman *in brevity.* — Instead of *Roman*, the old copies have *Romanes* and *Romaines*, which cannot be right, as the reference is, undoubtedly, to Julius Cæsar. The correction is Warburton's. See foot-note 9.

Act ii., Scene 3.

P. 189. *When your own Percy, when my* heart's *dear Harry,*
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. — "My *heart's* dear" is the reading of the quarto: the folio has "my *heart*-dear"; upon which Lettsom remarks, "This compound is a Germanism: it does not appear to me in Shakespeare's style." — In the third line, Theobald changed *long* to *look*, and the change was approved by Heath. Perhaps rightly.

Act ii., Scene 4.

P. 194. *Grant that, my* pure *virtue, grant that.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have "my *poore* virtue." Singer says the same correction is made in his second folio.

P. 196. *Feel*, mistress, *how I shake; look you, I warrant you.*
Doll. *So you do, Hostess.* — The old copies have *masters* instead of *mistress*. As Falstaff is the only *man* present, *masters* cannot well be right: moreover Doll's reply infers the preceding words to be addressed to her. The correction was proposed by Keightley.

P. 198. *Down, down, dogs! down*, faitors! — So Capell. The quarto has *faters*, which is probably only another spelling of *faitors*. The folio has *fates*.

P. 199. Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta. — The old copies have "*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*," except in the last word, where the folio has *contente*. The words are of course supposed to be the motto inscribed on Pistol's sword. As this was doubtless a Toledo blade, the motto would naturally be in Spanish; and such it is in the text. Pistol, it is true, might blunder in the reading or repeating of it, as he does in *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks;* but there would be no humour or character in such a blunder here. So I concur with Dyce in giving a corrected form of the motto both in this place, and again near the close of the fifth Act.

P. 199. *Thrust* me *down stairs! Know we not Galloway nags?* — So Lettsom. The old copies have *him* instead of *me*. Pistol would naturally change the pronoun, in repeating Doll's words, and *him* might easily creep in by mistake from the line before.

P. 201. *Thou whoreson little Bartholomew*-tide *boar-pig.* — The old text has "little *tidy* Bartholomew boar-pig." There is no apparent reason why the epithet *tidy* should be thus applied to Falstaff. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Hanmer reads *tiny;* but that gives a rather vapid touch of irony. The reading in the text is Walker's, and it gives a sense that fits perfectly; as Bartholomew-tide, with its great fair, its frolic and feasting and roast pigs, was a high time, especially to such persons as Doll Tearsheet. See footnote 32.

P. 205. *For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns, poor* soul! — "This," says Johnson, "is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The venereal disease was called, in those times, the *brennyng* or *burning*." The old text reads "and burns poor *souls*." Some recent editors have returned to the old reading; I cannot imagine why.

P. 207. *O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll!* — So the scene ends in the folio. The quarto adds "come, shee comes blubberd, yea, will you come, Doll?" Here, no doubt, as Dyce supposes, "she comes blubber'd" was meant as a stage-direction, but got printed by mistake as a part of the text. But it seems to me nowise unlikely that the Poet concluded to strike out the whole, as it is indeed no addition, except of words.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 207. *Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,*
Under their *canopies of costly state.* — The old copies have *the* instead of *their*, which is Lettsom's correction. Of course *their* refers to *the great*. Collier's second folio reads "Under *high* canopies."

P. 208. *Who take the ruffian billows by the top,*
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds. — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text has *clouds* instead of *shrouds*. How clouds can be spoken of as slippery, is not very apparent.

P. 208. *Then, happy* lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. — Instead of *lowly clown*, the old copies have *Lowe, lye down*. The correction in the text is Warburton's; and Gilbert Wakefield, in a note on Lucretius, tells us the same had occurred to him. Johnson adopted *lowly clown*. It is evident enough that a transcriber or printer might easily mistake *cl* for *d*, and instances of such mistake are not wanting.

P. 210. The time *will* come, *thus did he follow it,*
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. — In the first of these lines the old copies have *shall* instead of *will*. It is true, the two words were often used indiscriminately; but I can hardly think that to be the case here. Johnson's correction.

P. 210. *Such things become the hatch and brood of time;*
And, by the necessary form of these,
King Richard might create a perfect guess, &c. — So Capell. The old copies have *this* instead of *these*. The latter naturally refers to *things;* but I cannot find what *this* should refer to.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 213. *And carried you a forehand shaft* a *fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.* — So the quarto. The folio has "forehand shaft *at* fourteen," &c. The words "*at* fourteen and fourteen and a half" do not rightly express distance of flight; while *carried* shows such to be the meaning intended.

P. 215. *By my troth, you* like *well.* — So the quarto. The folio has "you *looke* well." See foot-note 13.

P. 216. *For the* others, *Sir John: — let me see;* &c. — The old copies have *other* instead of *others*. The dialogue following shows *others* to be right.

P. 216. *It is often so indeed;* but not *much of the father's substance.* — So Capell. The quarto has "*but* much"; the folio, "*but not* of the father's substance."

P. 220. *For you, Mouldy, stay at home* till *you are past service.* — Tyrwhitt proposed to read "stay at home *still;* you are past service." This is plausible, if not more; but it is dangerous meddling with Falstaff's words; and he would hardly pronounce Mouldy "past service," when Shallow declares him one of "your likeliest men."

P. 222. *'A was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were* invisible. — So Rowe, who is followed by Steevens and Staunton. The old copies have *invincible*, which is to me without meaning here. Of course "thick sight" is *dim* sight.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 224. *Let us* sway on, *and face them in the field.* — Editors find *sway on* a troublesome expression. Collier's second folio reads "*Let's away* on," which is decidedly tame. I am not aware that any other even plausible change has been proposed; and *sway on*, though something odd, seems to admit of a fitting sense. See foot-note 1.

P. 225. *If that rebellion*
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by heady *youth, guarded with* rags. — The old copies

have *bloody* instead of *heady*, and *rage* instead of *rags*. The former correction was made by Warburton, and is also found in Singer's second folio: the latter was proposed by Walker, and is made in Collier's second folio. See foot-note 3.

P. 225. *I say, if damn'd commotion so* appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of bare *and bloody insurrection*
With your fair honours.—The old text has *appeare* instead of *appear'd*, and *base* instead of *bare*. The context readily shows both *appear'd* and *bare* to be right. We have many instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded, as we also have of *bare* and *base*. The last correction is Walker's.

P. 225. *Turning your books to* greaves, *your ink to blood.* The old copies have *graves*, which Warburton altered to *glaives;* and the same change is made in Collier's second folio. But *greaves* yields a sense equally congruent, and comes nearer the old word; therewithal it appears that *greaves* was often written *graves*. Steevens made the correction. See foot-note 5.

P. 226. *And are enforced from our most quiet* sphere.—This passage is not in the quarto, and the folio has *there* instead of *sphere*, which was proposed by Warburton, and adopted by Hanmer. Collier's second folio has *chair*, which might do very well, but that, as Dyce remarks, "the Archbishop is evidently talking *of his associates as well as of himself*."

P. 227. *My* burden *general* is *the commonwealth;*
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.—The second of these lines is wanting in the folio; and in the first the originals read "My *Brother* generall, the Commonwealth." With this reading, the passage absolutely defies explanation. It is generally, perhaps justly, regarded as incurably corrupt. Still I am apt to think that a not unfitting sense may be got, without much straining, from the passage as here given. It has long seemed to me not unlikely that *brother* had crept into the first line, displacing some word which the Poet wrote. The reading in

the text is Mr. Samuel Bailey's, who notes upon the passage thus: "'My *burthen* general *is* the commonwealth.' *Burthen* here of course signifies grievance, and it gives the required antithesis between public wrong and private cause of quarrel. Dr. Johnson achieved the same end by proposing *quarrel* in the first line instead of *brother;* but with the disadvantage that *quarrel* could hardly be converted into the received text, while *burthen* and *brother* might easily be interchanged." See foot-note 8.

P. 228. *The King, that loved him, as the State stood then,*
Was, force *perforce, compell'd to banish him:*
And when *that Henry Bolingbroke and he,* &c. — This whole speech is wanting in the quarto. In the second line the folio has *forc'd* instead of *force.* But, as the phrase *force perforce* was very common, and as Shakespeare has it repeatedly, there can be little doubt of his having used it here. See foot-note 9. — In the third line, again, the folio has *then* instead of *when.* The correction was made by Rowe, and is found in Collier's second folio.

P. 229. *And bless'd and graced* indeed *more than the King.* — Instead of *indeed,* the folio has *and did.* The correction is Thirlby's. This line and all the foregoing part of the speech are also wanting in the quarto.

P. 229. *Every thing set off*
That might so much as think *you enemies.* — The use of *think* seems rather odd and harsh here. Hanmer substituted *mark,* Capell, *hint.* Both changes are plausible, especially the latter; but *think* is probably right. See foot-note 15.

P. 229. *Then reason* wills *our hearts should be as good.* — The old copies have *will* instead of *wills.* Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Pope.

P. 230. *And present execution of our wills*
To us and to our purposes confirm'd. — So Capell. The old copies have *confinde* and *confind* instead of *confirm'd.* Hanmer reads "*properties* confirm'd."

P. 230. And *either end in peace, — which God so frame! —*
Or to the place of difference call the swords, &c. — The old copies read "*At* either end." An obvious error.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 233. *To us th'* imagined *voice of God himself.* — The old copies have *imagine.* See note on "I say, if damn'd commotion so *appear'd,*" &c., page 288.

P. 234. *Under the counterfeited* seal *of God.* — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *zeal* instead of *seal. Seal,* it appears, was first conjectured by Capell.

P. 236. *Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow*
Seems *to say thus,* Some good thing comes to-morrow. — So Walker. The old text reads "*Serves* to say thus."

P. 236. *And, good my lord, so please you, let* your *trains*
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal. — The old copies read "let *our* trains." An unquestionable error, which the context readily corrects.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 238. *And the dungeon your place, a* dale *deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.* — The old copies have "a *place* deep enough"; the word *place* having no doubt been repeated by mistake. Tyrwhitt made the correction.

P. 240. *My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go*
Through Glostershire. — The old text reads "My lord, *I* beseech you."

P. 241. *Which, deliver'd o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit.* — The old copies read "which delivered o're to *the Voyce,* the Tongue, which is the Birth," &c. Here I have not the slightest doubt that, as Staunton suggests, *the Voyce* and *the Tongue* were written as alternative readings, or the latter as a substitute for the former, and that both accidentally got printed together. See note on "And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride," &c., vol. x. page 248.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 246. *She either gives a stomach, and no food,—*
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.—So Pope. The old editions read "such *are* the rich."

P. 247. *This* apoplex *will certain be his end.*—So Pope. The old text has *apoplexi* and *apoplexie*. The form *apoplex* was common.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 248. SCENE V.—*Another Room in the Same.*
The King *on a bed;* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others attending.*—The old copies have no stage-direction here, nor any thing to indicate a change of scene, except the words of the dialogue. These, however, necessarily infer that the King is carried into another room, and there placed on a bed. At the close of what is here given as SCENE V., the King asks, "Does any name particular belong unto the lodging where I first did swoon?" and, on being told the name of that room, gives the order, "But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie." The Cambridge Editors, I believe, were the first to arrange the matter rightly. Dyce prints "[*They place the* King *on a bed; a change of scene being supposed here.*" But the fact of the King's being carried from one chamber into another, and then carried back into the first, is enough to justify the present order, and indeed fairly requires it. It is well known that the Elizabethan stage often left such changes to the imagination of the audience.

P. 249. *Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet*
As he whose brow's *with homely biggen bound*
Snores out the watch of night.—Instead of *brow's*, the old text has *brow* simply. This makes *brow* the subject of *Snores;* which comes pretty near being absurd. In the preceding line, perhaps we ought to read "not so sound *nor* half so deeply sweet." See, however, foot-note 2.

P. 251. *For this the foolish over-careful fathers*
Have broke their sleeps with thought.—The old copies have *thoughts.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 251. *Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey* pack'd,

We bring it to the hive. — So Dyce. The folio reads "our Thighes *packt* with Wax, Our Mouthes with Honey." The quarto varies from this in having *Thigh* instead of *Thighes.*

P. 255. *For what in me was* purchase,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort. — So Lettsom and Collier's second folio. The old text has *purchas'd.* Probably another instance of the confusion, so frequent, of final *d* and final *e*. See footnote 12.

P. 256. *And all* my foes, *which thou must make thy friends,*
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut some *off, and had a purpose now*
To lead out many to the Holy Land, &c. — In the first of these lines the old copies have *thy friends* instead of *my foes;* a palpable error, which probably crept in by accidental repetition from *thy friends* at the end of the line. The correction of *thy* to *my* was proposed by Tyrwhitt, and is made in Collier's second folio; that of *friends* to *foes* is Walker's. Dyce, at the suggestion of Lettsom, combines the two, and rightly, beyond question. — In the sixth line, again, the old text reads "I cut *them* off." Here *them* is manifestly quite at odds with the context. Corrected by Mason and in Collier's second folio.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 262. *How might a prince of my great hopes forget*

So great *indignities you laid upon me?* — Walker thinks that, in place of the second *great,* we ought to read *gross.* But Shakespeare seldom cares, apparently, to avoid repetition of words in such cases.

P. 264. *And then imagine me taking your part,*

And, in your power, so *silencing your son.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old copies have *soft* instead of *so.* The process was any thing but *soft.*

Act v., Scene 3.

P. 268. Be merry, be merry, my *wife's as* all. — So Farmer proposed, and so Rann printed. The old text reads "my *wife has* all." This, it seems to me, has no coherency with the context. Of course the meaning, as given in the text, is, "my wife is a shrew, as all wives are."

P. 272. Where is the life that late I led? *say they:*
Why, here it is; welcome this *pleasant* day! — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old copies have "*these* pleasant *dayes,*" and "*those* pleasant *dayes.*"

Act v., Scene 5.

P. 274. Shal. *It doth, it doth, it doth.* — The quarto assigns this and Shallow's two preceding speeches to Pistol. The folio sets the prefix "*Shal.*" to the first of the three, but leaves the others with the prefix "*Pist.*" All three clearly belong to Shallow. Corrected by Hanmer.

Epilogue.

P. 278. *And what indeed I* shall *say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.* — So Walker. The old text reads "and what indeed I *should* say." The propriety of the change is obvious.

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